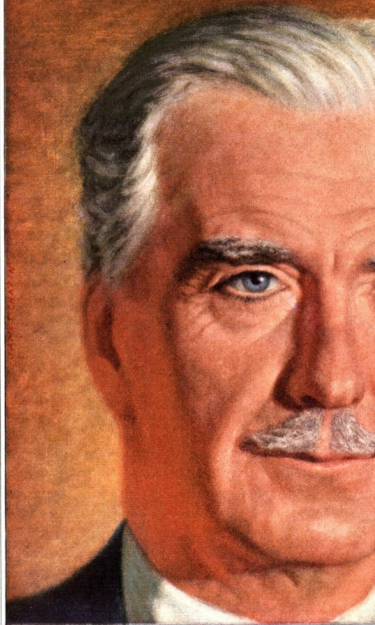


TWENTY CENTS



TIM

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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It's horse sense to enjoy the
new idea in smart comfort for men

... Carter's Knit Boxers

... no ironing needed!

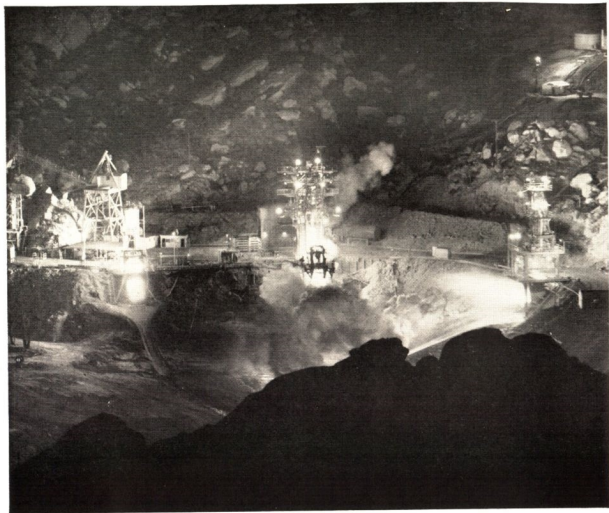


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 Take Bufferin from the first snuffle to the last
 cough. Believe me, it acts twice as fast as aspirin
 to relieve the miseries of a cold. And it
 won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!



Dawn-to-dark firing tests speed delivery of the mighty power plants that will thrust America's missiles into outer space.

On the line...rocket engines for America's major missiles

Deep in the remote canyons of the Santa Susana Mountains, a bolt of flame knifes the sudden darkness of a California evening.

Obscured in the shadows—watching this man-made lightning flare and die as it has an untold number of times before—are the men of ROCKETDYNE... testing and tuning the giant propulsion systems they are building for the major missile proj-

ects of the Air Force, Army and Navy.

This amazing rocket engine workshop was planned as far back as 1947, about a year after ROCKETDYNE—in collaboration with the Armed Services—began a program of research that has led to accomplishments so fantastic, security restrictions forbid us to describe them.

The fact that this work is so far advanced here in America is cause for

sober confidence in our defense situation. It is good to know that these achievements are in the service of free men.

ENGINEERS: write for our brochure, "The Big Challenge," which tells you in detail what a career in rocketry can mean to you. Address: ROCKETDYNE, Personnel Manager, Dept. T-71, 6633 Canoga Avenue, Canoga Park, California; or Dept. T-71, Neosho, Mo.

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★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company

★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company

★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York



1931: the average wage earner worked
580 hours to buy a refrigerator
1956: he works only **168** hours to
buy a better refrigerator



1931: the average wage earner worked
271 hours to buy a washer
1956: he works only **143** hours to
buy an automatic washer

Progress in buying power: examples based on average hourly wages in industry in 1931 and 1956, and General Electric prices in those years.

How General Electric tries to bring extra values to its customers

One of the best ways to measure America's standard of living is in terms of how much people can buy in return for the hours they spend at work.

To buy the electrical products he wants, for instance, the average wage earner today has to work far fewer hours than he did just a few years ago.

This is real progress in buying power for American families. But, as General Electric sees it, there are other important values beyond the price tag.

Constant stream of new products

With electrical products today, Americans enjoy new ease of operation, new comfort, new style and safety.

The housewife has her choice of General Electric appliances in a variety of colors, so she can match or mix the colors in her kitchen. The General Electric refrigerator she can buy holds more foods of all kinds, has doors that close magnetically, and is "child-safe" (its doors can be opened from the inside). The whole family can enjoy a General Electric portable television set with a larger screen than console models had a short time ago.

Besides these advances in existing

products, completely new concepts in electrical living are becoming available. One example is the Weathertron, a single unit run entirely by electricity that heats a house in winter, cools it in summer. Another is an electronic oven that roasts a turkey in a half hour.

Easy availability, better service

With so many products for the home, as well as for American industry, we recognize that it is no easy task to get products out to all who want them, when and where they want them, and with the kind of service they expect. We have a wide variety of programs to try to do this job.

For example, with the cooperation of distributors and dealers, we have recently established a code of minimum, nationwide service standards for certain major appliances. These new standards assure customers that they will get prompt response and correct

parts, and that the service man who calls will be well trained in servicing the products.

For industrial customers, General Electric has long provided aid to back up the new and improved products they buy from us. Design help, application and installation service, and emergency service and repair are some of the extra values we offer. In this way, we try to help other industries turn out more and better products for *their* customers . . . and help utilities keep electricity today's greatest bargain.

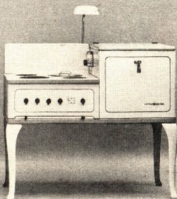
In providing such values for customers, we believe General Electric is making an important contribution to the economy: in more and better jobs . . . in new opportunities for other businesses we deal with . . . in increased returns for the people who risk their savings in the company . . . and in helping everyone to live and work better—electrically.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



1931: the average wage earner worked
40 minutes to buy a 100-watt bulb
1956: he works only **7** minutes to
buy a brighter 100-watt bulb



1931: the average wage earner worked
288 hours to buy a range
1956: he works only **99** hours to
buy a push-button range



1931: the average wage earner worked
24 hours to buy a toaster
1956: he works only **15** hours to
buy a toaster plus toast-oven

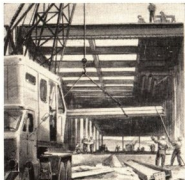
SOME OF THE WAYS BETTER VALUES ARE CREATED AT GENERAL ELECTRIC



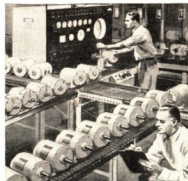
By research and development to seek new knowledge, materials, and designs that satisfy human wants. In this area, G.E. spends over 3 times as much, per dollar of sales, as the average manufacturing company.



By taking on big risks needed to pioneer new fields and new products. General Electric's pioneering in gas turbines, in atomic energy, in the Weathertron, and in vital defense production are a few good examples.



By investing in new facilities to meet both the present and future demands of a growing nation. General Electric's 360,000 share owners are investing about \$185 million a year to improve plant and equipment.



By improved manufacturing methods, including increased use of automation, new materials and better parts design, that enable us to turn out more and better products at prices that customers are willing to pay.

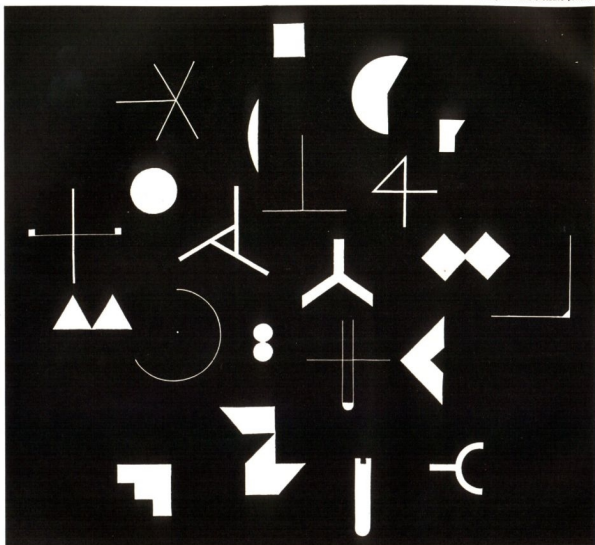


By helping employees develop their talents. Each year, more than 25,000 people at General Electric take advantage of company-conducted programs in developing their skills and creativity to their full potential.



By distributing products widely so that they are available for demonstration and sale, when and where customers want, with the service they expect. Over 400,000 independent firms sell and service our products.

These original forms, in and out of balance with each other, represent the delicate relationship of judicial and executive powers.



Artist: Armin Hofmann

Great Ideas of Western Man... one of a series

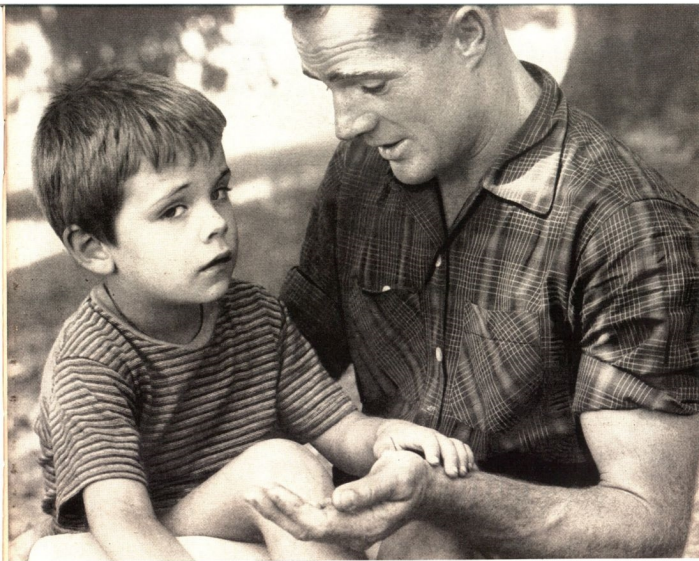
on securing man's rights

Adam Smith

**Container
Corporation
of America**



In order to make every man feel himself perfectly secure in the possession of every right that belongs to him, it is not only necessary that the judicial should be separated from the executive power, but that it should be rendered as much as possible independent of that power.
(Wealth of Nations, 1776)



**The answer for men who need (but think they can't afford)
at least \$10,000 more life insurance!**

**New York Life's popular
Whole Life policy protects
your family at a low premium
cost—builds high cash
values fast!**

Here's a policy that offers permanent life insurance in an "economy size package." Because the minimum amount is \$10,000, savings are possible which are passed along to you and make the premiums much lower than they would otherwise be. For a man of 35, for example, the annual premium for standard life insurance is only \$23.59 per \$1,000. And rates are correspondingly low for all ages.

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If you have been telling yourself that you ought to have more life insurance to protect your family or your business—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent for all the facts about Whole Life, or mail the coupon for full information today!

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(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

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LETTERS

Winners & Losers

Sirs:

Does TIME only bet on winners, or how come you arranged to get the man who won on your Nov. 12 cover in advance of the election results? To cover a personal bet, did TIME hedge its cover by having Ike and Adlai plates at the ready?

H. ADAMS

Chicago

TIME prepared four-color covers of both candidate pairs (Stevenson-Kefauver by Chaliapin, Eisenhower-Nixon by Chapin), printed 1,874,000



copies of each, waited for the voters to make the decision.—Ed.

Man of the Year

Sir:

No single man can compete with the millions of nameless Hungarians and Poles who have defied Soviet tyranny in these past few weeks. Let these heroes be your symbol for this year and, indeed, for this coming decade of renewed hope for those still oppressed.

DONALD C. DE LA POER BERESFORD
London

The Middle East

Sir:

The fact that the British and French are trying to assume their former status as colonial powers by force is in no way different

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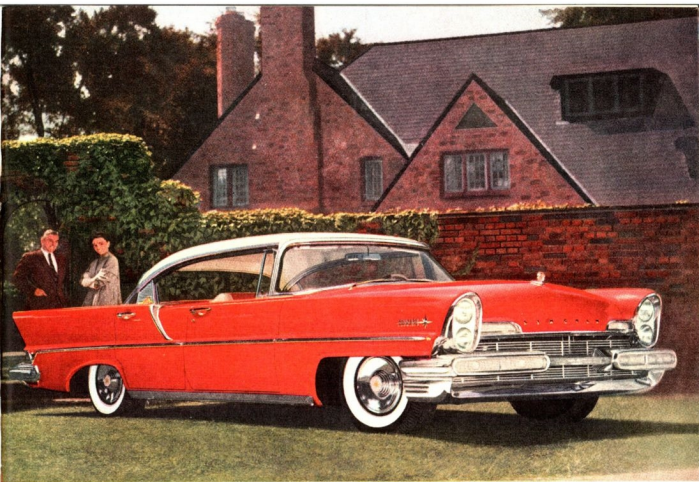
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TIME
November 19, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 21

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1956



Presenting the dramatically new LINCOLN FOR 1957

UNMISTAKABLY...THE FINEST IN THE FINE CAR FIELD

Dramatic New Styling Everywhere!

From the unmistakable newness of Quadra-Lite Grille to the clean sweep of canted rear blades, here is the longest, lowest, most distinctive Lincoln of all time. Wherever you look—inside and out—you discover bold new ideas in fine car design.

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Behind the wheel, you discover a new kind of swift, silken 300 horsepower in the most powerful Lincoln ever built . . . a new kind of fast-action, Turbo-Drive automatic transmission . . . a new kind of Hydro-Cushioned

ride! Here, you know instantly, is a whole new standard of what fine cars should be and do.

And More . . . Lincoln's complete new array of power luxuries makes this the most effortless driving fine car ever built. All about you, everything you touch turns to power! Electric door locks, 6-way power seats, power window vents, power lubrication . . . these are but a few of the many automatic luxuries offered in this wonderful new Lincoln. Why don't you see . . . and drive . . . Lincoln for 1957 *now*.



STETSON

First choice of the man on the way up

*Light
is right!*

THE STERLING

Zephyr-light and pleasingly pliant, this deluxe fur felt features a narrow band with a binding that matches the felt in tone. \$12.95

THE SKYRIDER

A lightweight, pinch-front, snap-brim hat of rich fur felt. The new Stetson Sabre Edge completes the superb detail. \$12.95



Lightness, anyone? If so, here it is in both these trend-setting Stetson models. Here, lightness goes to your head—in style and airy comfort. In shades to harmonize with the season's clothes. Other Stetson Hats \$10.95 to \$100. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE, MADAM! Seeking a smart gift for "that" man? Why not a Stetson Christmas Gift Certificate (\$10.95 to \$100) with a miniature hat-in-box? He'll appreciate your thoughtfulness and good taste. Buy it wherever Stetson Hats are sold.



from the Russians imposing Communism on Hungary by brute force. The two democratic countries ignored the principles of justice in bombing Egypt.

R. L. KANNANGARA

London

Sir:

Thank you for truthful reporting on the Middle East. It now appears that we've been allied with thieves, liars and attackers. Do we, the United States, have the courage of our convictions? If we had advance knowledge of this dirty business, it could have been reported in advance and stopped before it got started.

(THE REV.) PAUL BERNHARDT
The First Baptist Church
Elmira, N.Y.

Sir:

Very much at fault in the Near East situation is our own State Department. Where was Dulles when Israel, England and France took it into their own hands to take care of themselves?

RICA B. SILVERMAN

Scranton, Pa.

Sir:

Eisenhower has blundered to the point of alienating our government with Russia and with Nasser, the dictator. How Russia must be laughing at seeing accomplished by our policies in Washington what she has been striving for these past ten years—any break with England.

ELIZABETH C. BEAUREGARD

Boston

Sir:

Mankind will never forgive Ben-Gurion, Eden and Mollet for the dirtiest blow to international justice and freedom.

T. M. SHAMMA

Bell, Calif.

Semper Fi

Sir:

Regarding your tearful Oct. 29 reporting of the sending home of Marine dependents from Japan: I say—come off it, TIME. No one shed a tear for me when I did as I was supposed to do and stayed home.

MRS. DEAN N. McDOWELL

Triangle, Va.

Sir:

I see the globe and anchor boys have done it again. As they told my husband, while he was on active duty: "If the Marine Corps wanted you to have a wife, they would have issued you one."

MRS. H. P. REILAND

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Marine Commandant Pate's arrival in Japan with his wife in tow is just another example of RHIP (Rank Has Its Privileges). I can't see that her presence will in any way contribute to the commandant's efficiency while he is there.

CLYDE KOEHNE

Amarillo, Tex.

Drain from the Brain

Sir:

Time's poignant Oct. 29 story on how Industrial Technician John Holter developed a brain valve to save the life of his baby son, suffering from hydrocephalus, implied that only Holter's baby had been saved. At least 65 children suffering from water on the brain have had their lives saved by means of the surgical insertion of a Holter brain valve.

John Holter, then a technician at the Yale

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*Finish dinner
with a flourish!*



After coffee... enjoy the drier liqueur—



There is only one proper blending of Benedictine's
exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness.
It is achieved in Benedictine's own bottled B & B. made
at Fecamp, France. The result is perfection...
always uniform. *always delicious!*



Let this seal be your guide to quality

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK. 86 PROOF.

& Towne Research Center at Valley Forge, had been testing new devices for large and heavy hydraulic valves used in Yale fork lift trucks, when he worked on and developed the tiny new silicone plastic valve in a stainless steel body on an entirely new medical principle to control the fluid from the head into the bloodstream. Holter now has been provided by Yale & Towne with precision tools in his home workshop in which to devote his full time to producing many more of the lifesaving brain valves.

MILTON M. ENZER

Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
New York City

Passing the Word

Sir:

Concerning Robert Mizell's letter in *TIME*, Oct. 22: the word *merde* positively is not "a form of farewell and best wishes." The word is considered so vulgar that it is not used in fashionable circles, polite conversation or in print.

P. M. ROINSARD

New York City

Sir:

To claim that *merde* is an expression of affectionate farewell is to rank it with Owen Wister's injunction to smile when saying son of a bitch.

ROBERT R. WALKER

Boston

¶ But the word was never printed as such in *The Virginian*. Said Author Wister, whose publishers blanked out the epithet, "I always regretted having to use '---' instead of the real oath that caused the Virginian to say 'When you call me that, *smile*.' I never had any sympathy with censorship; after all, if a word expresses an idea and only that word will do, it should be used."—Ed.

The Rebels

Sir:

Cheers for Mrs. Mary Schoenheit and Mr. William Cheney for deciding to educate their daughters themselves [Oct. 29]. Too many parents refuse any responsibility whatsoever for the education of their children and then complain of school taxes and poor teachers. The law requiring attendance at school exists obviously to insure an education for all children. If, however, a child can get and is getting a good education at home, it is ridiculous to enforce the law.

ANITA DENTON KUSEL

Madera, Calif.

Sir:

My mother taught her six children at home because time was wasted in school on non-essentials and the pace geared to the slowest. When my father, a lawyer, heard her plan, he said she was liable to be haled into court. Instead, the school department (Brocton, Mass.) sent us desks and chairs. Using her own original system, my mother telescoped six grammar grades into one year of home study. We went to school for the first time in the sixth grade at eight years of age; graduated from high school at fifteen and went to Radcliffe College or the Sorbonne or M.I.T.

MARGOT MALLARY

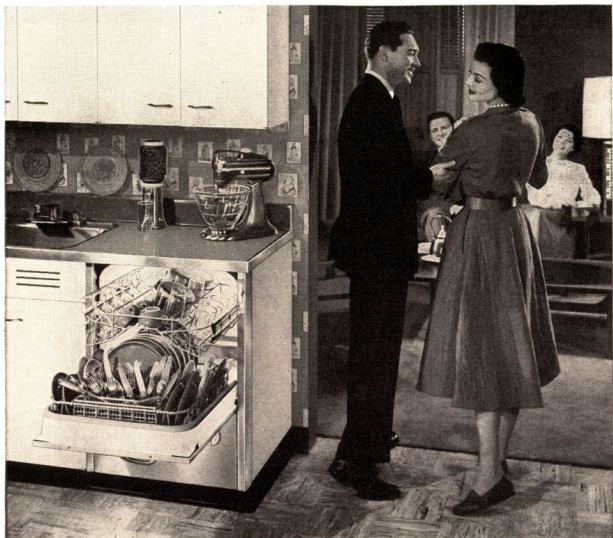
Los Angeles

The Dedicated Gentleman

Sir:

It usually takes weeks for my subscription copy of *TIME* to find its way here by railroad, truck and mule train; the last mail brought

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1956



How to bring a Ghostess back to life by KitchenAid

You know what a "ghostess" is: that's a hostess who disappears right after the meal. And leaves her guests with that awkward choice—pitch in to help with the dishes, or try to ignore those stacks of soiled tableware.

But change the scene just slightly...add a KitchenAid automatic dishwasher...and see the hostess be a part of the party! Now she has *time*. Time for gracious entertaining and living. Time to really enjoy her family. Time for so many of the better things.

Why a KitchenAid? Because a KitchenAid *belongs* in this scene. Because the product itself is unequaled.

Ask a dealer! He'll explain that a dishwasher has three important actions. *Washing* and *rinsing* (it must remove every trace of food). *Drying* (it must leave no spots). He'll show you why a KitchenAid, by Hobart, does *both* jobs better—the exclusive Hobart revolving power wash system, the separate electric blower-dryer unit—no other make has either one! Compare these superior features with ordinary "splasher" type or "needle-spray" washers...see the *big* difference for yourself!

How will it go in your kitchen? The answer—beautifully! Your dealer can provide the model, style and fin-

ish you prefer, the color you wish... your new KitchenAid will take its place in your kitchen as naturally as it fits your way of life.

For information, write Dept. KT, KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio. Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

KitchenAid

The Finest Made...by 

World's Largest Manufacturer of
Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

Complete Hi-Fi in ONE Beautiful Console!



48 1/4" x 33 1/2" x 17 1/2"
Mahogany \$695, Walnut or Blonde \$720*

TELEFUNKEN "OPUS ROYALE"

Now, Telefunken combines West Germany electronic genius and American cabinetry in the beautiful "Opus Royale" console.

Thrill to *Omniphonic* sound over the magnificent 6-speaker system... with all the range and color your ear can hear! *Selectovox* push-button tonal control.

Built-in 3-speed automatic Telefunken record changer. Ample record storage, jacks for tape recorder, extra speakers, antennas. The ultimate in high-fidelity!



Opus 7 Table Model—Complete Telefunken Hi-Fi system. FM, AM, Short Wave. *Omniphonic* sound through six speakers, plus *Selectovox* tonal control. Jacks for phonograph, tape recorder, outside antennas, extra speaker. Choice of 2 custom cabinets: Modern in blonde or mahogany; Traditional in mahogany only. Dimensions: 25 1/2" x 16 1/2" x 11". Prices: \$279.95 — \$299.95*

Hear Quality Speak—
See your dealer, or call

AMERICAN ELITE, INC.

7 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Tel. MU 3-8490

*Prices slightly higher Texas and West Coast.

your Sept. 24 issue with John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s story. The following day one of our students died of typhoid fever. In her class, I heard the teacher comforting her pupils with the words you quoted from Laura Spelman Rockefeller, "Children are my precious jewels —loaned me for a season to be handed back when the call comes." Even here in this small town the good works of the Rockefeller bounty is felt. Unaware, perhaps, farmers in this area are beginning to use hybrid corn seed made possible by research and development grants from the Rockefeller Foundation. We are grateful to you for such an excellent portrayal of a gracious and dedicated gentleman.

JAMES N. WRIGHT

Instituto Ponte Nova
Itacira, Brazil

But Stop

Sir:

Surely you received better explanations of Roman Catholic teaching on kissing in response to "The Venial Kiss" than the "I never heard of it being sinful" letter which you published [Oct. 29]. A kiss between unmarried persons which neither aims at nor arouses specifically sexual pleasure is not sinful. It was an excellent article on sinful kissing, but why not clarify that the Catholic Church doesn't consider all kissing sinful?

(MRS.) LORETTA HARTFORD

Milwaukee

Prize of Place

Sir:

Your film reviewer recently dismissed [Oct. 1] as "H.Opera" and "bad bouillabaisse." Jacques-Yves Cousteau's *The Silent World*, surely one of the finest things ever put on film. I am delighted that your reviewer placed my film *Friendly Persuasion* [Nov. 1] in a similar category.

WILLIAM WYLER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Problems in Paradise

Sir:

I agree with TIME, Nov. 5, that "Uruguay is earth's closest imitation of a paradise" if we compare our problems, democratic achievements and cultural standing with those of many of our sister republics of the Americas. We have been suffering from the evils of a mild inflation but our peso still permits us to enjoy a standard of living which leaves nothing to envy in the U.S. Uruguay has resources and will undoubtedly overcome its difficulties in the economic field; its biggest assets: an ideal geographical position, a 3,000,000 all-white population and 100,000 sq. mi. of fertile land. With a political tradition of stability and freedom, full prosperity cannot be far away. We haven't noticed any special public or private favoring of trading with the Reds. If negotiations with Communist countries do prosper in a small way, it is mostly because the U.S. discriminatory tariffs against our wool prevent us from selling it to the U.S.

MIGUEL PÁEZ VILARÓ

Montevideo

Progress & Places

Sir:

Your excellent [Oct. 1] report on the Intra-coastal Waterway deserves the highest of praise. The waterway has indeed opened up the Gulf's vast natural resources at bargain-basement prices. Time editors and reporters are doing a wonderful job enlightening the people of the U.S. and the world on the progress of places that seemed, a few years ago, too remote and profitless to develop.

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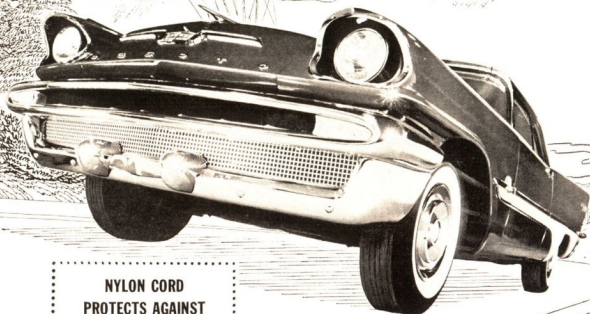
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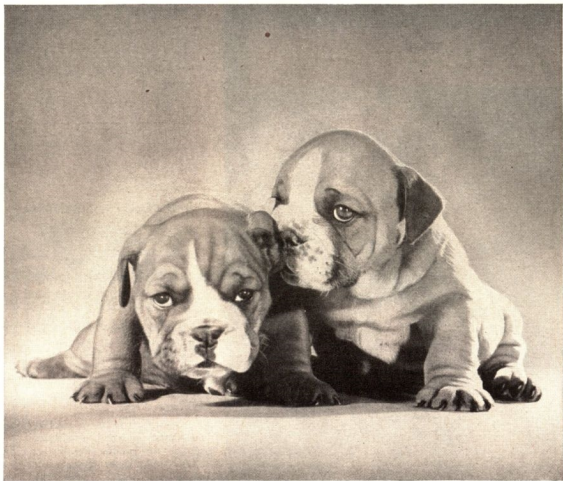
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TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1956

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

WE had everything going for us —printing, transportation and weather," grinned Bill Evans of TIME's Production and Distribution Division.

He was talking about Production and Distribution's record delivery of our special election issue last week. P&D got the last election copy from the editors in New York at 1:50 p.m. Wednesday. By 7 p.m. that same day in Chicago, trucks were hauling bundles of TIME to the airport. The magazine went on sale at Los Angeles' International Airport at 9:30 p.m. Other copies were in New York for delivery at 3 o'clock next morning.

TIME had held open its editorial pages 2½ days to get the full election story, and it was P&D's job to cut that to a one-day delay in delivery of the magazine to readers. P&D had lined up additional presses at our Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles plants, to boost production to a twice-normal total of 149,000 copies an hour. Its traffic men plotted split-second schedules of distribution by truck, rail, all available regular airline service, and ten chartered planes. Across the U.S. our own circulation men, including TIME Circulation Director Bernhard M. Auer and Newsstand Managers Mark Slater and W. Stuart Powers, and 100 Select Magazines, Inc. distributors stood by to speed deliveries.

A bobble anywhere could jam the

whole program, it was that tight. Traffic men in Chicago, where more than half the issue was printed, sweated out a week of fog, but the weather cleared in time for the airlift. Deliveries went off on stepped-up schedule in all states except North and South Carolina. Copies destined for those states were held up when an Eastern Airlines plane ran into a flight of ducks, damaged its tail and had to return to Chicago.

To Cleveland, where all three of the city's daily newspapers are strike-bound, TIME brought the first detailed printed news of the election. As soon as Bill Schroeder opened his news and book store (see cut) on Public Square, a news-hungry crowd rushed in, a customer cried: "Here's TIME!" and the magazine was a quick sellout. It was much the same at other downtown newsstands and neighborhood drugstores. Said the struck Cleveland Press's Editor Louis B. Seltzer: "I sat here reading the election story and found myself more and more amazed. With the speed of a daily, TIME had gotten out and distributed nationwide a story that was a model of thoroughness and accuracy."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

HERMAN TUD



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radio-phonographs

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Man in Charge

On the morning after his re-election, President Eisenhower was up a few minutes after 7, at his desk before 9, to head off the seemingly inexhaustible dangers of world crisis. To the White House came the top diplomats, the military and intelligence chiefs, all bringing bits and pieces of a jigsaw puzzle of Soviet tanks churning westward through the bloody snows of satelliteland, of MIG-17s swooping southward past Mount Ararat to take up menacing new forward bases in Syria.

Above the bits and pieces of the puzzle hung a many-sided question: Were these movements of troops and aircraft designed to suppress the satellite rebels? Were they designed to keep the war brewing in Egypt? Was the Kremlin, its battle for men's minds irretrievably lost in the bitter killings of Budapest, now preparing to stake all on a single throw? Or was it all a Communist bluff?

United as One. Now, as at all times since World War II, the U.S. did not believe that the Soviets wanted World War III, but Dwight Eisenhower took no chances. Out of the White House flowed a series of crisp and rippling decisions, a new urgency of diplomatic cables and phone calls. Through the lobby on the way to the President's office hustled so many VIPs—Vice President Nixon, Acting Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr., CIA Director Allen Dulles, Defense Mobilizer Arthur Flemming, Joint Chiefs Chairman Admiral Arthur Radford, *et al.*—that White House reporters lost count. Out from Atlantic ports steamed a carrier task force headed by the 60,000-ton *Forrestal*, while in San Diego seamen worked all night beneath glaring floodlights to get *Wasp* and *Philippine Sea* loaded up and out to sea.

Around the world, U.S. Navy and Air Force bases were on a tighter state of readiness (none more so than ever-ready Strategic Air Command). Back home in Washington, the President called in congressional leaders to brief them fully on the crisis, to show all who might have believed too much of Adlai Stevenson's election oratory that the U.S. stood united as one.

Bristling Messages. In classic diplomatic fashion, Dwight Eisenhower moved sure-footedly on these fundamentals of security to dampen the flash points of potential outbreak. Specifically, he set

about 1) making plain to the world in the forum of the U.N. that Communism had again shown itself morally bankrupt after the barbarous suppression of satellite independence; 2) stopping the Egypt tinderbox fighting before the Russians had the chance and the time to pour in "volunteers."

On Hungary, the darkest arm of the crisis, the President's best advocate was the Red army, whose conduct provoked violent anti-Communist reaction from El Salvador to Saigon (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). In the U.N. General Assembly, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. pressed hard for withdrawal of Soviet troops and a U.N. investigation, won a 50-8 approval. Aware that he could not help the rebels militarily without increasing the threat of a bigger war, the President ordered, as a heartfelt gesture, that 5,000 Hungarian refugees be admitted to the U.S. without regard to the niceties of the immigration laws ("Get 'em in").

On Election Day Eisenhower finally persuaded Britain and France to listen to the U.N. and order a cease-fire in Egypt (he made it clear in the process that the U.S. would not feel compelled to

protect British-French forces in Egypt from Soviet attack). Next day he sent a bristling message to Israel's electric-haired Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, who had accepted a cease-fire but stalled on withdrawing his troops from conquered Egyptian soil. Sternly the President reminded Ben-Gurion of "the various elements of our policy of support to Israel in so many ways," and he hoped indeed that Israel would not choose to "impair" these fruitful relations. (Privately, he told Israel it could expect no U.S. help if Israeli delay resulted in Russian attack.) Within 24 hours Ben-Gurion, fearful of the Russian air buildup in Syria and concerned about the U.S., capitulated.

Moral Ramparts. To get the Middle East stabilized, the U.S. backed the Canadian plan for a 6,000-man U.N. police force. With careful forethought the President had held strongly that this police force should be recruited only from volunteer small powers so that 1) Arab-Asians would not be able to cry colonialism; 2) Russians would not be able to demand inclusion to balance any contingent from the U.S. Shortly after the U.N. General Assembly endorsed the police



DANISH TROOPS EMBARKING FOR MIDDLE EAST POLICE DUTY
Fortified by the ramparts of moral law.

Associated Press



THE CACCIA, WITH DAUGHTER ANTONIA & PET BOXER

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR

Reporting to Washington to replace Sir Roger Makins as British Ambassador to the U.S.: Sir Harold Anthony Caccia, 50, who, thanks to Suez, walks into the tenuous period of Anglo-American relations in a generation:

Family & Early Life: Great-grandfather was a political émigré who fled Austrian rule in Italy after Napoleonic Wars, settled down in England in Lamb House, Rye (later the home of Novelist Henry James) with his bride, a cousin of Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. Young Harold Caccia (pronounced Catch-a) went to Eton, graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1928.

Career: At 30, became assistant private secretary to Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. First foreign assignment: Peking. While chargé d'affaires in Athens in 1941, he escaped the Nazis by sailing for Crete on a yacht, was rescued when the yacht was sunk by German planes. During assignment to Allied North African Headquarters, he worked with many Americans now in key spots in Washington, including Dwight Eisenhower. Later he became British head of the Anglo-American political section of Allied Control Commission in Italy, then, in 1944, troubleshooter in liberated Greece. After the war, he helped reorganize Britain's Foreign Service in line with "Eden Reforms," then got plenty of experience wrangling with the Russians when he was sent to Vienna, in 1949, first as minister, later as ambassador and high commissioner. Since 1954, he has been a Deputy Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, accompanying successive Foreign Secretaries and Prime Ministers to major conferences abroad, e.g., Geneva, Washington, Bangkok.

Honors: Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, bestowed for especially distinguished foreign service.

Personality: A passionate adherent to the Foreign Office's "cult of anonymity," bald, grey-eyed Careerman Caccia is a walking file on British policy problems, works quietly and effectively behind scenes, is quick and droll at the conference table. When the Russians accused the British of building a bomber base in postwar Vienna ("It was really only a flivver strip"), Caccia said that he would deliver a case of whisky if they could land a twin-engine plane there, added: "You pay the funeral expenses." The Russians dropped the complaint. Speaks French, German, Italian, Greek and a little Mandarin Chinese, likes shooting and tennis, sometimes takes a whack at cricket.

Married to Part-time Painter Anne Barstow, has three children: David, 20, of the Coldstream Guards; Clarissa, 17, student at the Sorbonne; Antonia, 9. No stuffed shirt, he has an impressive reputation for ability to short-circuit gobbledygook, is a good mixer, relishes a chance to live in Washington, where he feels the steamy summer climate will be no great bother because, as he hears it: "You go from one air-conditioned room to another." Said he on his arrival: "If the prospects of peace and justice are to be good, it will depend on the extent" to which the United States and Britain "harmonize" their policies.

force (64-0), Eisenhower, with U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld's approval, ordered U.S. military transports to pick up the vanguards from such small-power points as Jutland and Bogotá and to airlift them to a Naples staging area. Neutral Swiss planes would take them on to the Middle East.

In the broader sweep of diplomacy Ike concentrated on patching up and cleaning up the Western alliance. Throughout the despair of Hungary-Egypt, he had taken his stand on the ramparts of moral law and the U.N. (TIME, Nov. 12), and now these were the ramparts behind which the free world could most safely range itself to face down the new Soviet threat.

But when Britain's Eden and France's Mollet put out feelers for a face-saving Washington summit conference, the White House was pointedly not listening. And when Swiss President Markus Feldmann proposed at week's end that the Big Four get together (with India's Nehru) in Switzerland, the President politely replied that the U.S. was conducting its crisis diplomacy through the U.N., and "I believe that the interests of all will be best served by carrying these initiatives to a successful conclusion."

Getting Some Air. At week's end, with no Soviet attack materializing out of the intelligence jigsaw puzzle, the President ducked out of the White House for a breather. In his twin-engine Aero Commander he flew to his farm at Gettysburg, donned a brown-and-black-checked cap, a hip-length windbreaker and heavy leather boots, and pattered about in the crisp fall weather "to get some air." Happily he inspected his 20 head of cattle and chatted with the neighbors who accompanied him. ("She's a pip! . . . We ought to hold on to that one for a while until we see how he develops!") Then, after precisely five hours on the farm, he flew back to Washington to get back to work.

All in all, the President, so it seemed to those who knew him best, was handling things Normandy-style, coolly, with a sure and knowing touch. "I am getting tired," he confided to one of his associates one tense day early last week, "of being President, President-elect and Secretary of State!"

Last week the President also:

☐ Accepted the resignation of ex-Radioman (Mutual) Theodore Strelbert as head of the U.S. Information Agency, appointed in his stead Under Secretary of Labor Arthur Larson, 46, up-and-coming theorist of New Republicanism and one of the President's campaign speechwriters.

☐ Accepted the diplomatic credentials of incoming British Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia (see box).

☐ Called Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall to the White House to find out why the Republican Party failed to carry Congress (see below). Assignment for Len Hall: gather and analyze all available information, then report back with a program for strengthening the G.O.P. to suit the Eisenhower doctrines of "Modern Republicanism."

THE ELECTION

Scoreboard

All week long the votes drifted in from the scattered precincts. By week's end it was clear that the U.S. had given President Dwight Eisenhower a record 34,750,000 votes, with a plurality of 9,300,000 (57.7%) over Democrat Adlai Stevenson, and an electoral total of 457 out of 531. (Total vote cast: 60,180,000, about one million less than 1952's all-time high.) The voters also gave Eisenhower a Democratic Congress, and at the state level slightly increased the number of Democratic governors.

The Democrats went into the 1956 elections with a 49 to 47 edge in the U.S. Senate. For a while last week it appeared they would increase that margin. But South Dakota's wispy G.O.P. Senator Francis Case, after trailing Democrat Ken Holm for hours, finally pulled through. And in Kentucky next day came a narrow victory for Republican Thruston Morton

The Crucial Lesson

When the U.S. woke up after the election with a ticket-splitting headache, many politicians and most pundits agreed with the hasty diagnosis of Fair-Dealing Columnist Thomas Stokes: "The personal victory of President Eisenhower dramatizes, by contrast, the increasing weakness of his party." This was a glib, convenient way of talking about Democratic congressional victories against the Eisenhower avalanche. But it was also a superficial and misleading explanation of an election that carried a deeper and vastly more significant meaning.

The true key to the 1956 election lay in the politically discriminating voter, better informed than ever before about personalities and issues. Long ago convinced that the presidential candidate of his choice would take care of such national issues as peace and prosperity, the voter exercised decisive power in choosing between state and local candidates without

not that the Republican Party did badly or that the Democratic Party did well. It was that in state after state, district after district, town after town, voters ignored party affiliations to elect candidates of individual local merit (or to defeat candidates of individual demerit).

Thus, Pennsylvanians ousted Republican Senator James H. Duff, original Ike-man who had been a sulky, do-little Senator, in favor of personable Democrat Joseph Clark. But they gave Ike a smashing 592,000-vote plurality, and the G.O.P. regained full control of the state legislature. Similarly, Washington State re-elected popular Democrat Warren Magnuson to the Senate over Governor Arthur Langlie, on the basis of Maggie's generally hard work in the Senate and his shower of favors to his state from Washington, D.C.—but the state's hard-working Republican incumbents were returned to Congress from at least five of the state's six districts, and a controversial Democratic candidate for Superintendent of



NEW SENATORS LAUSCHE, CLARK, CHURCH & MORTON
In state after state, every man for himself.

Associated Press; United Press; Louisville Courier-Journal

over Assistant Senate Majority Leader Earle Clements (*see below*). That brought the Senate count right back to 49 to 47 for the Democrats.

In the House, the Democratic victory was more decisive. Going into the election, the Democrats held 230 House seats (needed for control: 218). They picked up all their seats west of the Mississippi: one apiece in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, South Dakota, Nevada and Montana; two apiece in Oregon and California. The Republicans gained one apiece in Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Pennsylvania, two in New Jersey and West Virginia. Total: at least 233 Democratic, with three still in doubt.

Of the 48 governors, 27 were Democrats and 21 were Republicans before the election. Of the 30 state houses contested this year, 14 were Democratic and 16 Republican. The Republicans dumped Democrats in West Virginia, Ohio and New Mexico; the Democrats routed Republicans in Massachusetts, Iowa, Kansas, Oregon and Washington. Net Democratic gain: one. Still undecided at week's end: Rhode Island.

regard for party labels, political bosses or popular coattails. That voter changed all the equations of U.S. politics, for now and tomorrow.

Invaded South. The notion of the Republican Party (below Ike), as a willing minority is statistically without base, even though both Ike and G.O.P. strategists were shocked that the avalanche did not sweep in a Republican House and Senate. East of the Mississippi no Democrat unseated a Republican House incumbent—and West of the Mississippi no Republican unseated a Democratic incumbent. Outside the South, Republicans carried at least 193 congressional districts; the Democrats carried fewer than 130. The Republicans cracked all traditionally Democratic ethnic and religious blocs except (amid the Israel crisis) the Jewish. In the South, every one of the five Southern Republican Congressmen held on to his seat. Ike rolled up a bigger popular vote in six Southern states than in 1952, and for the first time since the Civil War there was a genuine framework for a Southern two-party system.

But the memorable fact of 1956 was

Public Instruction was crushed by 150,000 votes. And one Ohio county (Lucas), with rare selectivity, voted Republican for President, Congressman, state treasurer and secretary of state, while favoring Democrats for U.S. Senator, governor, lieutenant governor and state auditor.

Tattered Coattails. Political coattails were next to worthless. Adlai Stevenson had depended on strong Democratic state tickets to help him win; only in Missouri, where the Democratic ticket was led by able Senator Tom Hennings, did "Operation Reverse Coattails" succeed. Oregon's Republican Douglas McKay chatted endlessly at the corner gas station or general store about his service as Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior. But Oregonians were interested in issues, e.g., public power, declining lumber prices, and they re-elected the man who discussed those issues: professorial Democratic Senator Wayne Morse (who was also pretty good at the country-crossroads campaign once he got the hang of it). In Colorado, Republican Dan Thornton did little besides sashay around in cowboy boots and talk about his (very valid) friendship with



LOSER BENDER (1952)
Haunted by a ringing memory.

Ike. But voters remembered that Texas-born Dan Thornton spends much of his time away from Colorado and that, as governor, he had tried to revise the book-keeping on Colorado's old-age-pension system. They sent Democrat John Carroll, plain-spoken and obviously home-grown, to the Senate.

Ohio's Republican Senator George Bender campaigned as a 100% Ikeman—but Ohioans still thought of him as a belling-buffoon at the 1952 Republican convention, and they overwhelmingly backed Governor Frank Lausche, a great vote-getter who managed to project his own honesty and humility (but little more), and thus seemed to rise above political partisanship.

Massachusetts' Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Summer Whittier glad-handed his way around the state as a simon-pure Eisenhower supporter; he took a fearsome trouncing (141,000) from Democrat Foster Furcolo, who could point to a solid congressional record.

Clobbered Clowns. As they made their decisions, even voters in the most hide-bound areas jumped traditional party lines in pursuit of their local or regional interests. Kansas Republicans, fed up with G.O.P. factionalism, named Democrat George Docking governor over Warren Shaw (who suffered the additional liability of charges that he had taken kickbacks on gasoline sales to the state). In Republican Iowa, voters resented G.O.P. Governor Leo Hoegh's move-fast, high-tax program (TIME, Oct. 22), and elected Democrat Herschel Loveless. In West Virginia, corruption charges against the outgoing Democratic state administration resulted in the election of Republican Old Guardsman Chapman Revercomb to the U.S. Senate and of Republican Cecil Un-

derwood, a party comer at 34, as governor (Democratic House Incumbent M. G. Burnside lost to Republican Will Neal partly because the Democratic administration messed up a garbage-hauling contract). In the Great Plains, farm unrest caused the defeat of Republican House incumbents in South Dakota and Montana.

Contrasting political personalities played a vital part in the election outcome—and had little to do with political affiliations or governmental philosophy. Idaho's Republican Senator Herman Welker lost to eager-to-please young Frank Church not so much because Welker was a diehard reactionary as because of his arrogant, voter-be-damned personality and campaign. The longtime clowning of Missouri's veteran (25 years) Republican Representative Dewey Short palled, at long last, on his constituents. They chose a lesser offender: a professional showman, Democrat Charles Brown, onetime producer of the radio program *Grand Ole Opry*. Even in machine-bossed Jersey City, voters clobbered an egregious clown, Democrat T. James Tumulty, a 330-lb. jolly boy with a penchant for posing for photographers in his underdrawers, and voted in Vincent J. Dellay.

Battered Bosses. All sorts of would-be political bosses suffered painful bruises at the hands of the free-wheeling electorate. Chicago's once-mighty Democratic machine could not even put across its Cook County ticket. In industrial New Jersey, C.I.O. leaders backed nine Democratic congressional candidates; only three of them won. In one Democratic urban stronghold after another there seemed to be no sign of a dependable "delivered" vote this year.

The independence of the 1956 voter holds far-reaching political implications. No longer can state and local candidates count on election simply because their party has done a good job at the national level. In that sense, the idea of national party responsibility may have been weakened. At the same time, the idea of personal responsibility—on both the national and regional scenes—has been strengthened. With their parties unable to help them survive slipshod performance, state and local office holders must meet their individual tests at the hands of an electorate fully capable of judging them accurately. This is the crucial lesson of 1956—and the one that will probably shape U.S. politics in the years to come.

DEMOCRATS

In Search of a Voice

*Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?*

—John Keats

Did he have any comment, a reporter asked Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson in Washington one day last week, on Adlai Stevenson's sniping at the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy? "Mr. Stevenson," said Johnson stonily, "can speak for himself."

Johnson was setting no party policy,

but he had made a point: in the wake of Eisenhower's victory, the Democrats are in desperate need of a voice. Even Minnesota's liberal Senator Hubert Humphrey, a red-hot Stevensonite, agreed. In the months ahead, he said, party leadership "will be essentially congressional."

But the return of such congressional figures as Johnson and his fellow Texan, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, to their roles as the nation's most powerful Democrats, does not mean the party can speak with a single, clear voice. Liberals in Congress, with an eye toward 1958 elections, are already insisting that the party should offer its own ambitious legislative program, have been sharply critical of Johnson's announced business-as-usual, middle-of-the-road strategy for the next session of Congress (see below). Last week the Fair Dealing *New Republic* gloomily warned that "Eisenhower's brand of modern Republicanism may continue to attract . . . broad support if . . . Lyndon Johnson is allowed to continue directing the party in Congress as an appendage to Ike . . ."

Volunteer Victory. Whatever its elution troubles at the national level, the Democratic Party proved in the 1956 election that it has great grass-roots strength. Items: the slightly strengthened congressional position, the successful battle for at least 15 statehouses, the increase in the number of state legislators in such Republican strongholds as South Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, Oregon and California. The waning influence of its old-line, patronage-powered machines in the big cities, notably Chicago and New York, was offset by the work of aggressive "new look" (i.e., post-Truman) volunteers in California, Michigan, Oregon, Washington and Pennsylvania.



George Van—Newark Star-Ledger
LOSER TUMULTY
Caught in his shorts.

In Pennsylvania the volunteers (including a solid representation from 'labor') played a key part in Joe Clark's victory over Republican Senator James H. Duff. Clark, many a Pennsylvania Democrat is sure, is just the kind of politician the party is looking for to fill the vacuum at the top. Like Adlai Stevenson, Harvard man Clark is wealthy and articulate, but Clark is far ahead of Stevenson in his ability to get his ideas across to the plain citizen. (And, unlike Stevenson, quipped a Pittsburgh newsmen, his name is Joe.) When Clark ran for mayor of Philadelphia five years ago, he made dozens of street-corner speeches, waved a broom over his head to dramatize the clean sweep he intended to make (and did) at graft-ridden city hall. Against Duff, he demonstrated the same ability to pound home simple, telling points. His most effective charge: Duff's frequent absences from the Senate left Pennsylvania with an empty chair on Capitol Hill.

Clearing the Wreckage. While hopefully eying the ascendancy of Joe Clark, the Democrats must also face up to the task of clearing out the wreckage left by the Eisenhower avalanche. Probably one of the first to go will be National Chairman Paul Butler, who may get his walking papers at the national committee's first post-election meeting. (Said Butler last week: "I'm not going anywhere; I'm staying on. I don't mean to sound cocky or ungrateful, but I don't think anyone has the strength to remove me.") Stevenson's shrewd, capable campaign manager, James A. Finnegan, who also guided Joe Clark's campaign for mayor, will probably rise even higher in the party.

As Finnegan, Johnson and other party leaders are aware, what they must do before another presidential election rolls around is find a Democratic voice the nation not only can hear but understand.

THE CONGRESS

"Coordination"

Democratic Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson stuck out his right hand and grinned like the cat that swallowed a canary. Republican Senate Leader William Knowland stuck out his right hand and grinned like the canary that swallowed a cat. Johnson and Knowland were meeting in Washington last week to discuss the prospects of the newly elected, Democratic-controlled 85th Congress. Both seemed pleased with the way the 1956 election turned out.

The Democratic margin, rumbled Bill Knowland, "is so narrow that there is going to have to be coordination between the leaderships to get anything done." The U.S. Senate under his leadership, indicated Lyndon Johnson, will follow the same moderate course he charted for the 84th Congress. Said Johnson: "We'll have a good, reasonable group of men working for the best interests of the country."

The plain fact is that the balance of power in the 85th Congress will be almost identical with that of the 84th. In that situation the coalition of Republicans and

conservative Democrats that ruled the 84th will also rule the 85th. And, like the Democratic 84th, the Democratic 85th should get along pretty well with Republican President Dwight Eisenhower.

Living Proof

"Look at me," said the U.S. Representative-elect in a high-pitched, emotional voice. "I am a living proof of America's democracy." Dalip Singh Saund had good cause for his excitement: a native of India, Democrat Saund had just been elected to the House from California's long-



CALIFORNIA'S SAUND
On to India.

time-Republican 29th District in the lush Imperial Valley—where Asians have not always been happily tolerated.

Saund defeated Republican Jacqueline Cochran Odium, who was herself born in abject poverty. She rose to fame as an aviatrix, and to wealth as the wife of financier Floyd Odium and as a highly successful businesswoman (cosmetics). But during the flamboyant campaign, some voters decided that high-flying Jackie Cochran was trying to dazzle her way into public office. Others resented the fact that after years of aloofness she had become neighborly only during her campaign. "Saund," said one, "is at least one of us. Mrs. Odium is not."

This week, while Jackie was back at the Odium ranch, Dalip Singh Saund was happily planning to keep a heartfelt campaign promise: to go to India to show himself as a living proof of America's democracy.

One Was Right

Within 30 minutes after Kentucky's polls had closed, Republican headquarters in Louisville's Henry Clay Hotel was a scene of pageant. Dwight Eisenhower, according to the bellwether returns, had won Kentucky. Republican John Sherman Cooper, who had left his post as U.S.

Ambassador to India at Ike's urging to run for the Senate against Democratic ex-Governor Lawrence Wetherby, was already accepting congratulations. But distinctly apart from the jubilation, hunched worriedly over a news ticker, was a tall man in a charcoal grey suit: Republican Thruston Morton, former assistant secretary of state (in charge of congressional relations), who was running for Kentucky's other Senate seat against tough old Incumbent Earle Clements (Time, Feb. 27, *et seq.*). Shortly before 6 p.m., Thruston (pronounced Threwston) Morton turned from the wire machine and said wearily: "I'm licked."

Through the night, with Winner Cooper helping him figure the returns, Morton kept shaking his tousled head in despair. Because he felt that Ike was depending on him to help carry the Senate for the Republicans, he was doubly agonized. It was almost with a sense of relief that Thruston Morton learned from the nationwide returns early Wednesday morning that the Democrats would control the Senate regardless of what happened to him. "The Big Man," he sighed, "won't think I was the one who lost the Senate."

But Thruston Morton was not, in fact, licked. Kentucky's Democratic Governor "Happy" Chandler, disliking Adlai Stevenson and feuding with both Wetherby and Clements, had cut into the Democratic national ticket unmercifully. Inch by inch, Morton moved ahead. Long before Thruston Morton quit wringing his hands and drowning his sorrow in black coffee, Old Pro Clements had seen what was happening. He called long distance to a Democratic Senate colleague and issued a terse report: "I'm licked." Clements, not Morton, was right. Clements lost by more than 7,000 votes.

Nice Guy Finishes First

In California, Republican Thomas Kuchel had a reputation as a nice guy and a solid but thoroughly unspectacular member of the U.S. Senate. Apart from his grip on President Eisenhower's coattails, Kuchel was hardly considered a match for fast-talking, matinee idolish Democrat Richard Richards. Last week Tom Kuchel walloped Richard Richards by more than 400,000 votes. The size of his victory indicated that he had won on his own, not on Ike's coattails. And it contradicted the maxim of latter-day fellow Californian Leo Durocher, who once said positively: "Nice guys finish last."

POLITICAL NOTES

Up with the Phoenix

Burned deep in the public mind since 1948—and as deeply burning to the "scientific" pollsters and to newsmen—was the much-printed picture of beaming, victorious Harry Truman holding up a copy of the Chicago *Tribune* headlined DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN. The fire had been lighted by Pollsters George Gallup, Elmo Roper, *et al.*, who had miscalled the 1948 election. The public remembered 1948, and so did the pollsters. In 1952, though

they detected the Ikeward lean with impressive accuracy, they carefully hedged their final figures with large percentages of undecided voters and other forms of insurance.

This year it was the "impressionistic" doorbell-ringer Samuel Lubell (TIME, Oct. 15), who climbed farthest out on the limb. While making no percentage predictions, he correctly forecast an Ike landslide and added that Ike would take all the big industrial states. Moreover he pinpointed the newest political trend: the breakup of the former Democratic majorities in the nation's big cities. But Gallup and Roper hit as close to perfection as anybody could reasonably expect. In their final forecasts, published just before Election Day, the Big Two had Ike landslideing with 59.5% (Gallup) and 60% (Roper). Actual 1956 result: Ike 57.7%. Gallup correctly predicted the shifts to the G.O.P. among Negroes, labor, and big-city dwellers. Although both underestimated the G.O.P.'s hold on the South (Gallup had put it at 44%, Roper at 46%, while the final Ike count was 51%), 1956 was the year the pollsters arose from the embers.

The Unthinkable Happens

To Chicago's booting, buccaneering Democratic machine, the idea of a reformer as state's attorney (county prosecutor) has long been unthinkable. Last week the unthinkable happened: Benjamin S. Adamowski, a onetime Democrat who turned Republican in protest against the machine's wide-open rule, was elected Cook County state's attorney, with his own detective force, the power of subpoena—and the personal ability and determination to give the organization some days it will never forget. In an election that saw Republicans carry Cook County for Eisenhower, for U.S. Senator Everett Dirksen and nearly all county offices, Reformer Adamowski's victory was the one that hurt the machine most of all. "A lot of people," predicted one Democrat, "will soon be going on long vacations."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Keeping the Shop

As Washington's well-gear'd diplomatic machinery shifted smoothly last week to meet each crisis in Hungary or the Middle East, night lights burned long in the fifth-floor State Department suite of a man laboring earnestly to help dictate the shifts. Herbert Hoover Jr., Acting Secretary of State while his chief recuperated in Walter Reed Hospital, had pushed his normal twelve-hour workday to 15 and 18 hours, was gaining extra confidence with each extra duty.

As Under Secretary since September 1954, the former President's handsome, six-footer son helps supervise a 12,000-man department, scoops off as many of Dulles' burdens as he can, shares with the Secretary the white-tie social obligations. Last week, in addition to these normal assignments, Herbert Hoover Jr. headed daily conferences of the department's top

planners, represented State at the National Security Council, and briefed congressional leaders on a turbulent world. Twice a day he made rapid visits to Walter Reed for on-the-spot discussions with John Foster Dulles; two or three times a day he reported in person at the White House.

Rough Path. The week's accomplishments spread new polish on a State Department career that so far has not been easy. An engineer like his father, and a Middle East oil expert as well, Hoover was swept into his post after a piece of spectacular diplomacy in 1954. Iran and England were at angry odds over revenues from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.'s nationalized oilfields. Dulles chose Hoo-



ACTING SECRETARY HOOVER
The gears shifted.

ver to find common ground, asked him to find it in 45 days. The 45 days stretched to eleven months; Hoover winged constantly between Washington, London and Teheran, eventually hammered out a settlement acceptable to both nations. Impressed with this performance and Hoover's administrative background, Dulles picked him as Under Secretary.

Once in, Hoover found the path strewn with difficulty. An inordinate shyness, accentuated by his deafness, was mistaken for gruffness, an engineer's anxiety to be letter-perfect, for indecision. Twice while Dulles was absent, Hoover as Acting Secretary had to take responsibility for poor staff work that produced diplomatic boomerangs: 1) the U.S. snub in April 1955 of Communist China's offer to negotiate disagreements that were leading the two nations toward war; 2) the on-again, off-again shipment of 18 U.S. tanks to Saudi Arabia last winter in the midst of Israel's strongest plea for U.S. arms.

Happy Prospect. Last week the days of doubt appeared behind him as the 53-year-old Acting Secretary went about his double duties. In whatever top decision he

made, Hoover got adequate advice from two top sources. One: Dwight Eisenhower. The other: John Foster Dulles, perched in a hospital bed strewn with cables and communiqués, keeping in touch through two assistants and two State Department extension telephones.

Devoted to his chief and unimpressed by the limelight, Hoover at week's end could be cheered by reports that the Secretary was rapidly recovering, might be back at his Foggy Bottom desk sooner than expected.

A Shine for the Brass

True to election tradition, each member of Dwight Eisenhower's Cabinet last week turned in a letter of resignation so the President could have the customary chance to start his new term with some shiny new brass around him. Almost before the letters were in, Ike passed the word that he has taken a shine to the brass he has. He personally persuaded a reluctant George Humphrey, 66, to remain at his desk as Secretary of the Treasury. Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks, 63, restive and weary, was talked into staying put. Even Special Assistant on Disarmament Harold Stassen, 49, who led the revolt against Richard Nixon's renomination, was allowed to keep his keys.

But letters or no, Washington gossip was shining up some new names for the two important Cabinet posts: State and Defense. For his Secretary of State, Ike believes no man better qualified than John Foster Dulles. Although surgeons have reported that Dulles' operation last fortnight was successful and that a cancer was properly excised, there was speculation that Dulles might bow out if—contrary to expectations—he found himself overlong in regaining his strength. Mentioned as possible successors:

¶ New York Lawyer Thomas E. Dewey, 54, twice (1944, 1948) G.O.P. nominee for President, proved administrator in his twelve years as governor of New York, still very much a power in the G.O.P.

¶ Ambassador to the United Nations Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., 54, well schooled in the ways of diplomacy by his day-by-day, hour-by-hour conduct of U.S. affairs in the U.N., well grounded in the ways of Washington by his twelve years as Republican Senator from Massachusetts.

¶ Retired four-star General Lucius D. Bignon Clay, 59, onetime (1947-49) U.S. Military Governor in Germany, since board chairman of Continental Can Co., old and trusted Ike friend, who probably would resist the job if it were offered.

¶ Massachusetts' Governor Christian Herter, 61, World War I special assistant in the State Department, five-term (1943-53) Congressman (he chaired the congressional committee that laid the groundwork for the Marshall Plan).

In the Defense Department Charlie Wilson has been reported ready to step down as soon as the President will let him go. A likely time for Wilson to resign: as soon as the complicated Defense budget has been approved by Congress (probably April). One possible successor: Air Force

Secretary Donald A. Quarles, 62, a good administrator and longtime scientist-executive (Bell Labs), who has managed to keep himself out of the interservice trouble. Another: bald, short (5 ft. 7 in.), terrier-tough Charles S. Thomas, former Assistant Secretary of Defense and, since 1954, the Secretary of the Navy who helped good conservative Navy thinking toward such innovations as guided-missile ships. Still another: retiring Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and onetime Eisenhower Chief of Staff Albert Maximilian Gruenther, 57.

ARMED FORCES

Wreck of Seamaster II

High over northern Delaware one afternoon last week streaked the U.S. Navy's unique bid for air supremacy—the experimental XP6M-1 Seamaster, a giant multi-jet, \$6.5 million seaplane proudly described by Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh Burke as the “fastest low-altitude attack aircraft in existence today.” Fifty-two minutes before, trailed by an escort plane, the Seamaster had taken off from the Glenn L. Martin plant at Middle River, Md., on a routine test flight. As it yowled along at 22,000 to 25,000 ft. it was a thing of demonic beauty; with its 100-ft. swept-back wings, its slender 134-ft. hull and its four Allison J-71 jet engines, the seagoing bomber was capable of carrying a 30,000 lb. pay load to 40,000 ft. heights and at speeds over 600 m.p.h. Then, in an instant, the plane burst into flames, went out of control into a steep dive, crashed in a field near Wilmington, Del. The four-man civilian crew parachuted to safety.

The crash was a double blow to the Navy: last December the Seamaster's sister ship and prototype also exploded on a test flight and plunged into Chesapeake Bay. Reason for the first crash, in which all four crewmen were killed: malfunction of the tail-control surfaces that forced the sea-jet into a wild loop while flying close to the speed of sound.

To Navy planners the blow was especially bitter, for around the Seamasters they have built their hopes of adding a new dimension to long-range air warfare. The hope: the Seamaster could easily base in any hidden cove in the world, there be supplied by submarine, make its A-bomb runs and then disappear again to sea, where its chances of being spotted would be minimized. The advantages over land-and-carrier-based aircraft were so obvious that both the Air Force and the Army have been examining the Martin prototypes with interest.

So basic is the Seamaster to Navy planning that soon after the crash of the first model it awarded the Martin Co. a \$102 million contract to build 24 more. Last week the Navy's initial reaction to the second crash was to go ahead with the order unless the survivors testify there is something radically wrong with the design. At week's end Navy and Martin engineers were still picking up pieces and trying to find out what had gone wrong,

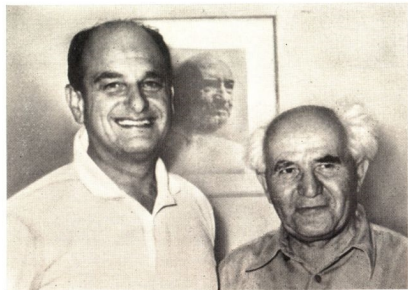
ORGANIZATIONS

Dollars for Israel

It was Israel Night at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House in the third week of the Middle Eastern crisis. Three thousand people, predominantly American Jews, had paid for their admission in advance to the tune of \$475,000 worth of Israeli bonds to hear Baritone Robert Merrill, Concert Pianist Eugene List, Singer-Pianist Hazel Scott and Cantor David Kusevitsky. Israel Night, its sponsor, the New York Metropolitan Council of B'nai Brith, had announced, was part of a six-week bond-selling drive, which will be climaxed on Dec. 6 by the Sixth Annual Hanukkah Festival in Madison

their own,” says U.J.A. Publicist Rayfield Levy. In 1953, for example, the American Red Cross raised about \$42 million from some 41 million members while U.J.A. raised more than \$65 million from 2,000,000 Jews and some 500,000 non-Jews. When a Catholic dignitary asked U.J.A. President Edward Warburg one day how the Jews were able to raise so much, Warburg replied: “First you start with 2,000 years of persecution.”

“Direct Outgrowth.” Beyond the U.J.A., such bodies as Hadassah (women's Zionist organization), Histadruth (U.S. branch of Israel's labor organization) and the Zionist Organization of America raise about \$15 million a year for specialized Israeli projects, e.g., schools, hospitals,



U.J.A.'s PRESIDENT WARBURG & ISRAEL'S BEN-GURION
Hard cash for the hard-pressed.

Associated Press

Square Garden. The fund-raisers' target: an astonishing \$8,000,000 for Israel.

Two Thousand Years. This year, by philanthropic devices both extravagant and subtle, U.S. Jews will raise and send something close to \$125 million in voluntary charitable contributions to Israel. In the eight years of Israel's independence, American Jewish organizations have already sent more than \$700 million to Israel—an outpouring that is the No. 1 phenomenon of U.S. philanthropy.

In 3,500 U.S. communities Jewish leaders work through community-chest-type funds to supply such Israeli needs as the feeding, clothing and resettlement of immigrants (with some 10% of funds going to such U.S. work as fighting anti-Semitism). The Israeli Jewish Agency, which gets 85% to 90% of the contributions from the U.S. through the big United Jewish Appeal, estimates that more than 4,000 immigrants enter Israel each month, that the country needs about \$1,000 to keep one new immigrant for one year, or \$15,000 to resettle a family of five over a three-year period.

“Jews traditionally have taken care of

youth groups. And beyond all charitable activity, the Bonds for Israel drive (the income from its 4% bonds is subject to taxation) has raised since 1951 the staggering sum of \$275 million. The total breakdown: \$800,000 worth of bonds sold every week. These bonds, say Bonds for Israel officials, are popular with gentiles as well as with Jews because of Israel's promising growth potential.

American Jewish leaders have accepted a charitable assignment which now supplies the equivalent of 35% of the annual budget of Israel—in invaluable hard-currency U.S. dollars—and are thus playing a part in the Middle Eastern crisis in which Israel is one of the elemental parts. This, says the nonpolitical U.J.A., is because Israel is where most of the Jews in need now are.

“When Jews were allowed to settle on Manhattan Island in the old colonial days,” U.J.A.'s Publicist Levy declares, “they had to sign a contract with the Dutch West India Co. that they would take care of their own poor and bury their own dead. Jewish fund-raising is a direct outgrowth of that.”

FOREIGN NEWS



FRENCH EX-PREMIERS PARADE FOR HUNGARY: LANIEL, BIDAULT, PINAY, SCHUMAN & PLEVEN

WORLD CRISIS

The Mark of Cain

The 20th century's long parade of horrors, through the villages of the Russian kulaks, into the torture chambers of the Gestapo and the prisons of the Falangists, through the streets of Nanking and Lidice, past the ovens of Buchenwald and the lime pits of Katyn Forest, might have left governments too hardened and peoples too toughened to the news of wholesale brutality and murder. But the hot shiver of fury that circled much of the world last week showed that it has not truly calloused the human heart.

Governments could do little, short of war, to stay Russia's brutal repression of Hungary. Diplomats could only register protests. But the people could and did respond with a revulsion that grew into a worldwide cry of anguish.

Silence. In Denmark, at noon one day, every church bell in the country chimed in unison, and the nation (pop. 4,500,000) marked five minutes of silence (the last occasion was their deliverance from the Nazis). In Montevideo, Uruguay, students burned the Soviet consulate to the ground. In South Viet Nam, all 123 members of the Legislative Assembly paraded through the streets of Saigon, wearing mourning white in sympathy for Hungary. In Reykjavik, Icelanders roughed up a Communist Member of Parliament, and demands rose for a reconsideration of Iceland's decision to eject U.S. forces from the NATO air base there.

By coincidence, it was the week of the 30th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution—time for Communists everywhere to celebrate, as the New York *Daily Worker* put it, the day when "a new era of human society was inaugurated, one that will eventually eliminate all exploitation, war, oppression." In Soviet embassies and legations around the world huge supplies of vodka went undrunk, caviar uneaten, hypocritical greetings unspoken, and

crowds demonstrated outside while unsmiling Russian hosts tried to hide their embarrassment at the scarcity of guests.

In most capitals only satellite diplomats, a few neutralists, some Egyptians turned up—and wherever he appeared, the loneliest man was the Hungarian, shunned and shunning. "I hope they choke on their caviar!" said a demonstrator outside the Russian embassy in Stockholm. A Finnish protocol officer, required to attend in Helsinki, insisted: "I'm not thirsty, I'm not hungry." A pamphlet distributed by students outside the Russian embassy in Washington taunted: "Try our new cocktail . . . freshly mixed in Hungary. It's spiced with children's tears and blood."

The revulsion went far beyond rhetoric. The anger of those who had long hated Communism was joined by the disillusionment of those who could no longer deny their doubts. All over Western Europe, Communist Parties were riven.

France. For the first time, the streets of Paris were dominated by anti-Communist crowds, and at last the myth seemed to be laid to rest that the Communists were the legitimate heirs of the French Revolution. Anti-Communists of all shades—not just the right—joined in spontaneous demonstrations in Paris, Marseille and Lyon. In Bordeaux they tore down the nameplate on Place Stalingrad, renamed it Place Budapest. Flags flew at half-staff. The National Assembly broke into tumult and fighting after Communists jeered a resolution extending sympathy to the Hungarian rebels. "History will judge those who do not associate themselves with this homage!" cried Foreign Minister Christian Pineau.

Next day more than 25,000 Parisians—including 300 Deputies and Senators, five Cabinet members and five former Premiers—marched up the Champs-Élysées to lay a wreath under the Arc de Triomphe for the Hungarians. After the ceremony, thousands in the crowd, many so young that they carried schoolbooks, made off through

the streets singing *La Marseillaise* and shouting "Thorez to the gallows!"

Their first objective was French Communist Party headquarters. Earlier, the government had offered the Communists police protection, but Party Boss Jacques Duclos refused the help, sure that his party toughs could fend for themselves. When evening fell, a dozen Communists stood guard on balconies before closed iron shutters, as from five narrow streets the mob surged in. The Communists greeted them with a fusillade of bottles, one a Molotov cocktail that exploded in flames in the crowd (see cut). The youths regrouped and rushed the building. One shinnied up a traffic light to fasten a bloodstained Hungarian flag. The others pried at the shutters, smashed the windows and climbed inside.

Communists locked themselves in behind steel walls and doors above the second story. When demonstrators set the building afire, the panicky Reds threatened to open fire with a machine gun. Alarmed, French police broke through and dispersed the mob. Instead of going home, demonstrators surged about eight blocks away to the offices of the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, hurled cobblestones through windows, fought with Communist defenders until past midnight. In all, 106 Frenchmen were injured, and a Communist died of the pummeling he took.

The intellectual carnage inside French Communism was also devastating. While Thorez was praising the "exalting example of the Soviet Union" in shooting down Hungarians, Jean-Paul Sartre, playwright, novelist and grand high cockalorum of existentialism, spoke up for the disenfranchised. Sartre, who once wrote one of the theater's most effective anti-Communist plays, *Red Gloves*, and then wished he had not, defected once again. "Intervention [in Hungary] was a crime," he cried in a four-page protest in the anti-Communist *L'Express*. "The Red Army fired on an entire people. And the crime

for me is not only the tank attack on Budapest. It is also that it was rendered possible by twelve years of terror and stupidity. I condemn entirely and without reserve the Soviet aggression."

West Germany. The depression over the sufferings of Hungary was so widespread that radio stations canceled regular programs and switched to serious music; the opening of the annual carnival season was postponed indefinitely; bars and dance halls were empty for much of the week. At noon one day, all work and traffic throughout West Germany was halted for three silent minutes, and for three days flags were lowered to half-staff. There were mass demonstrations in every major city and university town, topped by an outburst of 100,000 in West Berlin.

Italy. In the home of the largest Communist Party outside the Iron Curtain, 3,000 party members in the deep Red city of Rovigo (pop. 14,600) alone reportedly turned in their membership cards last week. Defections were reported all over the country. Pietro Nenni, leader of Italy's fellow traveling Socialists, announced: "For the first time in many years there is deep disagreement between us and the Communists." Connoisseurs of his serpentine mind were divided over whether he was capable of honest feeling about suffering anywhere, or just trying to save his own hide in the Communist wreckage.

The Netherlands. Even children's TV shows were interrupted to urge prayers for the Hungarians. Some 30,000 Amsterdammers gathered one night in Dam Square to cheer denunciation of Russia. In Belgium, 5,000 university students stormed the Russian embassy in Brussels.

Great Britain. Crowds marched in London streets wearing armbands of mourning. The Sadler's Wells Ballet Company called off its scheduled trip to Moscow. "Gabriel," chief political cartoonist of the London *Daily Worker* for 20 years, quit in disgust. The Oxford University Communist Club met and voted unanimously to dissolve. At a diplomatic party at Buckingham Palace, the Queen nodded stiffly to Soviet Ambassador Jacob Malik and moved on without a word, followed by an equally rigid and unsmiling Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

There were large areas of the world where there was no revulsion at all (Russians were told vaguely of some "white reaction" in Hungary; China's 602 million were told just about nothing. In most Moslem nations, the report of the Hungarian bloodshed and the emotional response to it were dulled, even drowned, by indignation at the Franco-British-Israeli invasion of Egypt. An exception: Tunisia's Moslem Premier Habib Bourguiba, who indicted Russia for "waging peace war against a weak country.")

In the Satellites. Poland, for the first time since the war's end, did not declare a holiday on the Bolshevik anniversary; in Rumania, which has a sizable Hungarian minority, the scheduled Bolshevik Revolution parade was canceled for fear it would provoke anti-Communist disturbances.

In a special message to the world, Pope



PARIS DEMONSTRATOR AFIRE IN ATTACK ON COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS

Pius remembered the words that God spoke to Cain: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the earth." And he added: "The blood of the Hungarian people cries vengeance to the Lord." The United Nations General Assembly, having already voted, in vain, to send a commission of inquiry into Hungary, voted overwhelmingly to promote large-scale relief for Hungary's victims, and voted decisively (48-11, with 16 abstentions, mostly all Arab-Asian) to indict Russia for its "intolerable" acts of repression.

An awareness that words alone could not save a single Hungarian life seemed to intensify everyone's revulsion to the news from Hungary last week. But perhaps the words and deeds were not so ineffectual as people thought. By the spontaneity and depth of their protests the world over, they helped to make Budapest a name that would long reverberate.

Which Way to Freedom?

India's Premier Jawaharlal Nehru, who spent 14 of his 67 years in jail for his political beliefs, and entitled his autobiography *Toward Freedom*, was not clear about what was happening to freedom in Hungary. So he sent a note to Soviet Premier Bulganin and asked for the facts. Bulganin quickly obliged and Nehru thanked him in a pleasant message ("Your own country has taken a lead

in the campaign for peace," but, "as you know, developments [in Hungary] have caused us much concern"). Then Nehru passed on the "facts" to his 377 million people.

What appears to have occurred in Hungary, Nehru explained to a Congress Party meeting in Calcutta, is an internal affair, civil conflicts on a rather large scale. "Much of the trouble occurred after Russian troops were withdrawn . . . It was at this stage—something that is not quite clear—that the government almost ceased to function. The government split up, and one faction—maybe the bigger faction—called itself the government, and pushed the smaller faction and the Premier out. The new government invited the Soviet forces to come back and quell the disturbances. I am giving the facts without any comment. The Soviet forces thereupon came back and dealt with a heavy hand with the people who were rebelling against the new government. This so far as I know is the story. Details I do not know."

In Bombay, addressing Socialists from 23 nations, Burma's Premier U Ba Swe had no such difficulty determining the facts or responding to them. Said he: "Russia has shot down hundreds of people whose only guilt was to ask Russians to leave Hungary."

HUNGARY

Death in Budapest

Soviet might decreed that Budapest should die. Free Budapest refused to die.

After a week of unleashed terror, the new government of treacherous Janos Kadar was still unable to control the situation. Fighting had died down to sporadic outbreaks as surviving Freedom Fighters went underground. But the country's railroads, factories and mines were at a standstill, the city of Budapest without light, heat, transport, communications or food, with thousands of unburied dead lying in its rubble-filled streets and fires burning in hundreds of buildings. At week's end, in a desperate attempt to gain popular support Janos Kadar went to the length of consulting depressed Premier Imre Nagy.

Corpses on the Bridges. As soon as Russia switched to violent repression, a thousand tanks had rumbled into the city and at every cross street they were drawn up with their backs to each other in protective circles, each tank able to fire down a different street. Batteries of heavy Soviet artillery were set up on Gellert Hill, and H.E. shells were poured into buildings where resistance was spotted. But the rebels were not without resource. Said Gyula Petok, who escaped: "During World War II the Germans had made doors in cellars between houses so that people could move around during air raids. When the war ended the doors were bricked up. But we remembered them and ripped them open again so that we could go from house to house." The surviving security police (AVH), creeping out of their lairs, were hungry for revenge. Soon there were rebel corpses hanging from the Danube bridges. In their mouths paper money was stuffed, and across their bodies were signs: "These men fought for capitalists."

In front of their flimsy barricades the rebels put pictures of Stalin, Lenin and Molotov, saying: "They will have to shoot their own leaders before they get us." On one side of the Hungaria Korut lay a row of wounded rebel fighters, on the other a first-aid station. Every time a Red Cross man crossed the street he was brought down by Russian fire. Other Red Cross men spun ropes across the street. The wounded tied the ropes to their legs and were dragged to the first-aid station.

Telephone lines between Vienna and Budapest went dead next day, but Radio Rakoczi, identified by Radio Free Europe monitors as a mobile rebel station, became a regular station, gained in strength, and reported the stirring battles of the "Seventh Patriots." Two Russian tanks were set on fire by youths with gas bombs in Bajcsy-Zsilinszky Street. On Izabella Street grenades thrown from windows scattered a squad of marching Russian infantry. A few minutes later tanks and artillery came rolling down the street, shot up the whole neighborhood. In one house the Russians found the 13-year-old son of the porter with an open clasp knife in his hand. They smashed his head with rifle butts.

"Unflinching Violence." Budapesters reaching the Austrian border say that the critical day was the day (Nov. 7) the U.N. debate on Hungary was postponed. Said one: "Up to that time people had been watching from rooftops hoping to see U.S. planes arriving. After that everybody just quit." Some 1,500 rebels holding out in the ruins of the Royal Palace high on Buda Hill surrendered a highly defensible position. After a moving appeal for help from President Eisenhower the day after election ("If during his presidency he would stand by the oppressed, a blessing shall fall on him"), Radio Rakoczi said its last word: "Soviet tanks are attacking . . . The battle continues with unflinching violence . . ."

The violence was mostly Russian. A dispatch brought by courier from a Western embassy reported: "The situation in Budapest is terroristic. Soviet soldiers are stealing and looting everywhere. They get into private homes and apartments on the pretext of looking for partisans and arms and then loot everything. Civilians are being stopped by Soviet soldiers on the street. The soldiers take from them all watches and jewelry. Civilian wounded are being taken to Rokus Hospital, which is very much overcrowded. Dead from the wards are thrown into the hospital courtyard. Wine cellars all over the city are being broken into by Soviet soldiers. Many soldiers are wandering around dead drunk."

Remembering the World War II rape of Budapest by Red army soldiers, Hungarian women obliged to go out seeking food for their families disguised themselves as old hags. On one street in Pest lay the nude, violated body of a pregnant woman. The Soviet commander brought in a field gendarmerie called "R troops." The R men set up house guards, block inspectors and kangaroo courts empowered to execute within 24 hours any Hungarian found guilty of "murder, arson, looting," or concealing arms. The orders were signed by a Major General Grubennyik.

Against this background, Kadar's Radio Budapest played dance music, interspersed with appeals to "progressive youths and mothers not to allow gangsters to enter their homes and fire from windows." Reflected one announcer: "How brutal and inhuman it was that in past days simple party men were attacked because they were party men." But as the week went on and "progressive" Hungarians did not respond, Radio Budapest's tone became hysterical. "If you don't go down into the pits," it told coal miners, "the workers cannot go to work, no bread will be baked, there will be no electrical current." Four days after announcing that peace had been restored, Kadar's Minister of Trade Sandor Ronai pleaded: "Let us put an end to the fighting . . . Let us start work in the factories and fields. Let us begin to build a free, independent, socialist Hungary." At Pecs in south Hungary, miners dynamited the prized uranium mines.

Kadar's last resort was to starve Budapest out of hiding. Food was offered, in

exchange for surrendered arms. The rebels, who had done no looting during their days of pride, now began looting shops and department stores. Food trains halted by the Russians outside Budapest were hijacked. Hundreds of radio sets were taken from one factory, presumably so that the rebel underground could listen to the outside world. Monitors reported the faint voice of a Hungarian radio "ham" calling: "Give us news! Say something! Give us news. We ask for news . . ."

Guilt & Innocence. Among the thousands of refugees from the Soviet terror was a 68-year-old Englishwoman whom rebels had released from seven years' solitary confinement in a 4 ft. 6 in. wide, fungus-ridden AVH cell. Said onetime lecturer and translator Dr. Edith Bone: "I was a 'secret prisoner.' No one in the world knew about me except the secret police. There are many thousands, perhaps millions, living, rotting like that in Iron Curtain countries." Explained Dr. Bone: "I was innocent [of the charge of being a British spy] but I was also guilty. I had been a Communist and I had helped build the machine of which I was the victim. That is why I am almost glad to have shared the sufferings of the many, many thousands more innocent than I."

As an epitaph for the (estimated) 20,000 dead of Budapest, a Hungarian in Vienna quoted a phrase from Virgil: *Exstoria aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*, which translates: "Some avenger will some time arise from our bones." The question was, when?

THE MIDDLE EAST

The Threat of War

For a time last week, responsible statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic feared that war was in the making. Messages of alarm shot between Washington, London, Paris and Tel Aviv. U.S. armed forces were alerted—not because attack was believed imminent, but in case it was. Out of their mutual concern, the Western alliance, rent by the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt, was put back together again. The price: an incomplete victory in Egypt.

The chief fear was not the war of "rocket weapons" and other "modern and terrible means" that Russian Premier Nikolai Bulganin threatened against Great Britain and France (Time, Nov. 12). This was taken to be crude and nasty propaganda. The fear was of a limited war in the Middle East, of the kind Soviet Russia likes: perhaps without any Russian soldiers, but instigated and supplied by the Russians.

Bell Rings. The alarm bell did not ring until after Britain and France had already agreed to a cease-fire in Egypt, in the face of the expressed disapproval of other principal allies around the world and a 64-to-5 vote against them in U.N. Israel too had agreed to a cease-fire, but was waiting to exact a victor's satisfaction from Nasser. Then came reports of Soviet MIGs landing in Syria. The alarm faded in a few hours when intelligence officers concluded



that Nasser had simply flown his Russian planes to Damascus to save them from destruction by the British and French invaders.

But at midweek Israeli intelligence (usually quite good) reported that 24 Russian-manned MIG-17s, accompanied by Soviet transports bringing technicians, radar and ground equipment, had landed in Syria. This report fitted in with the recent visit to Russia of Syrian President Shukri el Kuwalty, whose government and army are more thickly infested with Communists than any other Arab state. His was no casual visit. His wife, his daughter, his Foreign Minister and staff, Minister of Defense, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Propaganda and the manager of the Central Bank of Syria had flown to the Crimea with an escort of Soviet fighter planes. They returned last week with smiles of satisfaction.

Quiet Toughness. Late Wednesday David Ben-Gurion got a personal message from President Eisenhower. Its gist, as relayed by Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban, was that the U.S. had reached a stern decision: unless Ben-Gurion backed down and agreed to retreat from the Sinai peninsula as the United Nations asked, he could not expect any U.S. aid in the event of a Soviet attack. The White House had already made clear to Paris and London that the U.S. did not conceive its NATO commitment to include the Middle East or Cyprus if the Anglo-French persisted in their use of force. In short, so long as Britain, France and Israel had not purged themselves of their aggressions, they were on their own. But Eisenhower had also served notice on the Kremlin in a White House statement: the U.S. would not allow any "new force" to intervene in the Middle East situation except under the mandate of the U.N. This was a characteristically quiet way of asserting a tough stand: the

U.S. would not let the Russians intervene.

By the time widespread private fears of war had risen to the headlines, and to the public consciousness, the statesmen were beginning to feel that they had affairs under control. Ben-Gurion hastily reversed his talk of the victory's spoils, agreed to withdraw from Sinai. The Anglo-French hastened to comply with the U.N.'s plea for an early and easy take-over in Suez by a U.N. police force of soldiers from the small powers. The Middle East crisis became a race between the U.N.—trying for a peace before the Russians could intervene—and the Russians, hastening to raise "volunteers" by the thousands (and in entire army reserve units), perhaps to move into the Middle East under the guise of peacemakers.

Skillfully, Swedish U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld set about raising the small-power force prescribed by the General Assembly. Within the week he had arranged with seven governments to provide policing troops. The U.S. Defense Department was ready with planes and equipment to ferry some of the force into operation. Switzerland (which is not a U.N. member) was so scared out of its neutrality that it made arrangements for Swissair to airlift 400 men a day from Italy to Cairo.

To the Swift. By week's end the race seemed to be going to the swift. Dag Hammarskjöld, working for peace with the kind of quiet effectiveness that would win medals in war, did not wait for the necessary final consent from Egypt's Premier Nasser to assemble the first big contingent of policemen. He set up a U.N. staging area outside Naples, began assembling there 6,000 soldiers from Denmark, Norway, Canada, Colombia, Finland, India and Sweden, for the hop into the Suez area. As they got set, Russia put out a warning that its "volunteers" would be "allowed" to go into the Middle East un-

less the British, French and Israeli forces withdrew from Egyptian soil. Red China joined in with talk of 250,000 "volunteers" (the difficulty of transporting them to Egypt boggled the imagination).

As the U.N. force moved in, the pretext for Soviet intervention would vanish. But the conditions that made the threat possible—the hatreds and tensions, the obvious advantage to the Kremlin of involving the West in a drawn-out and profitless war there—remain.

"A Bloody Good Exercise"

From the communiqués it was easy to believe that what had taken place in Egypt was "an immaculate war." In London Defense Minister Antony Head announced that British casualties "did not exceed 85, of whom not more than 20 were killed." And from the beginning the Anglo-French high command emphasized the careful concentration on purely military targets, the deliberate effort to spare Egyptian lives and property.

Seen face to face, it was not that kind of war at all. "In normal times," cabled TIME Correspondent Frank White last week, "the Egyptian General Hospital at Port Said can take care of 40 patients in each of its eight wards. Last Wednesday night when I visited the hospital it had no light, no water, no food and no medical supplies. According to the chief surgeon, Dr. Ezzeldine Hoseny, more than 500 Egyptians had died in his hospital during the two days of fighting in Port Said. At one point corpses were piled nearly as high as a man's head in three sheds and covered the entire back lawn of the hospital. When Dr. Hoseny showed me around two of the sheds were still well filled, as was much of the garden."

Diplomatic Lending. If it had not been an immaculate war, it had nonetheless—at least to the British and French way of thinking—been a highly satisfactory one. The British, whose regard for the fighting qualities of "Gypos" has never been high, saw little reason to change their estimates. Although the Egyptian air force, according to R.A.F. estimates, outnumbered available "allied" aircraft two to one, it managed to mount only two fighter sorties against the British and French during the entire campaign. Some of Nasser's 50 Soviet-built Ilyushin bombers—perhaps as many as half—were believed to have been flown off to Saudi Arabia and Syria before the Anglo-French air attacks began, but much of his air force was caught on the ground. The British and French claimed to have destroyed 200 Egyptian aircraft and damaged 70 more, with a loss of only five of their own planes.

The British and French had all but telegraphed their intention to make simultaneous airborne and seaborne landings at Port Said. Their execution was painfully slow. The invasion fleet, much of which had to make a three-day trip from Malta, spent at least 24 hours longer than necessary reaching Port Said—presumably they idled at sea during some hesitation in British diplomatic maneuverings. In the

end, without simultaneous landings and without prior bombardment the British and French dropped in slightly over 1,000 paratroopers, who were left to take care of themselves for nearly 24 hours.

Surrender Reversed. Given so much time to brace itself, even a second-class army should have been able to wipe out an unsupported landing by two battalions of paratroopers. Instead, the Egyptian army left Port Said insufficiently garrisoned and such troops as were there, after a gallant but ineffective initial resistance, rapidly became disorganized. By afternoon of the first day of fighting General Mohammed Riad, governor of Port Said, was ready to talk surrender (a fact Anthony Eden announced to a cheering House of Commons). But when he telephoned Cairo for permission, he was told: No surrender; Port Said must become the Egyptian Stalingrad. He was also told that Russia would shortly be raining rockets over London and Paris.

Instead next morning allied planes and ships began to soften up Port Said for a seaborne landing. When the bombardment ended, commandos, more paratroopers and armor began to pour ashore. (One Royal Marine Commando, 500 strong, made the trip from ship to shore by helicopter, thereby scoring a first in the history of amphibious warfare.) Some headed down the canal, got within 20 miles of Ismailia before the cease-fire took effect. Others, supported by tanks, probed through the streets of Port Said slowly cleaning out stubbornly resisting remnants of the Egyptian army and the irregulars of Nasser's liberation army, some of them children no more than twelve years old. Occasionally Hawker Hunter jets, called in for close support, swooped down to send their rockets smashing into a strong point. By the time the fighting ended much of Port Said lay in rubble, some of it 10 to 15 ft. deep. "It was all like a bloody good exercise," said a British paratroop colonel, "a lot of fun and very interesting."

Almost before the firing ceased, the British and French had frogmen down inspecting the hulls of the half-dozen ships scuttled by the Egyptians in Port Said harbor. Not until nine additional block-boats which had been scuttled further down the canal had been inspected could anyone be sure how long it would take to get shipping moving again (see BUSINESS).

One for the Books. In Tel Aviv Israel's one-eyed chief of staff, young (41) Moshe Dayan, was equally cocky. Stalking into a mamboing victory celebration at the Dan Hotel one night early last week, Dayan, still sweaty and crumpled from the Sinai fighting, exuberantly declared: "The whole thing worked just the way we planned it. We planned it for six days, and it took just six. We really finished up the Egyptians in four days, but it took six to occupy the whole peninsula."

Moshe Dayan, devout student of Von Clausewitz and of U.S. airborne operations, was perhaps even more justified than the British and French in his self-congratulation. "I am confident," said

Israel's Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, "that military histories will make a thorough study of this remarkable operation."

Like most classic campaigns, Dayan's Sinai triumph rested heavily on surprise. "Nasser disposed his troops very well," said an Israeli colonel. "Egyptian preparations were quite logical. Our plans were not." But more than anything else, the Israelis, inferior to the Egyptians in number and equipment, relied on the kind of dashing, hard-driving tactics with which George Patton confounded the Germans in his 1944 armored dash across Europe. Israeli units which outran their supply continued to push forward as long as they had ammunition, and at least one battalion fought for two days without food.

Into Hellfire. Demoralized by these tactics—"Our best weapon," said one Israeli, "was sheer effrontery"—the bulk of the Egyptian army in Sinai collapsed like a pricked balloon. "The first night of operations," Ben-Gurion told the Knesset,



A. L. Goldman

ISRAEL'S MOSHE DAYAN
Not logical, but it worked.

"we took Kuntilla after twenty minutes of resistance, Ras el Naqb near Elath after a brief engagement and Quseima after forty-five minutes . . ." Only once, at the crucial road junction of Abu Aweigila on the Jerusalem-Ismailia highway, did Egyptian armor and artillery succeed in stalling the Israeli advance (TIME, Nov. 12). Tough Moshe Dayan, dashing about Sinai in a command car from hotspot to hotspot, promptly took charge. "Our infantry was inching along taking casualties under heavy artillery fire," he said later. "About 1 p.m. I told the commander he must take Abu Aweigila before 5 and darkness. I told him if he got in close the Egyptians couldn't use their artillery. At 6 he was still getting shelled. I replaced him on the spot with an officer who would charge into hellfire. Within an hour we took Abu Aweigila, and the road junction was freed."

By the time Moshe Dayan's six days were over, he and his men had chewed up about one-fourth of Nasser's army; two infantry divisions, one armored brigade and many smaller units, including several independent tank companies. At an acknowledged cost of less than 800 casualties, including 150 dead, the Israelis claimed to have killed 3,000 Egyptians, captured 7,000 more and destroyed twelve Egyptian jets. What impressed them most of all, however, was the booty they collected: more than 100 tanks (many of them heavy Soviet T-34s), nearly 200 artillery pieces, small arms by the thousands, and enough gasoline to supply Israel's civilian needs for a year. "It is only now," said Premier Ben-Gurion somewhat nervously, "that we have fully realized how great in quantity, how modern and excellent in quality were the Egyptian arms and equipment." Then, more confidently, he added: "But all this was of no avail because there was no spirit in them."

ISRAEL

The Ashes of Victory

On a steep sand dune seven miles east of the Suez Canal, sun-blackened members of D Company, 52nd Israeli Armored Battalion squatted under a tank's camouflage netting listening to a radio. "Well, it's all over," said one at Tel Aviv's report of a cease-fire halting their Sinai blitz. "We should have finished Nasser off," said a second. "He's finished already," said a third tankist. "At last we've won a real victory and now we'll get a real peace."

And so Israelis felt last week—for exactly two days. Old (70) Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, abed with a virus infection and 102° temperature the day his troops struck into the Sinai peninsula, was a deeply happy man, hailed by his people. Though pale and sweat-beaded with fever, he appeared in the jammed, jubilant Knesset, and with rapt raptors listening at loudspeakers all over Jerusalem, triumphantly reviewed "the glorious military operation that lasted seven days."

Historic Claims. "And the words of Isaiah the Prophet were fulfilled," he began. "In that day shall the Egyptians be like unto women, and they shall tremble with fear because of the shaking of the hand of the Lord of Hosts, which He shaketh over them." Practically laying claim to the whole Sinai peninsula (he had not invaded "Egypt proper"), Ben-Gurion pronounced the 1949 armistice lines with Egypt "dead," and called upon that government to discuss peace "under conditions of direct negotiations." No force, "whatever it is called," was going to make Israel evacuate Sinai.

The Prime Minister even proclaimed that Tiran, the ancient Yotvat, a small island in the Gulf of Aqaba dominating passage from the Red Sea to Israel's new port of Elath, belonged to its captors. To prove Israel's historic claims, Ben-Gurion paused in his rolling Hebrew periods and read out in the original Greek the historian Procopius' 6th century description of the island: "There the Hebrews have lived



PORT SAID AFTER THE BATTLE
Not immaculate, but satisfactory.

Pierre Boulat—Luxe

since ancient times and govern themselves.

But even as he spoke, stronger forces were gathering to strip the old lawgiver of his victory. Of Egypt's three invaders, only Ben-Gurion refused to pull his forces out of Egypt after receiving Bulganin's get-out-of-Egypt-or-else message. Now, hours after his speech, Israeli intelligence brought report of 40 Soviet-manned MIGs arriving in Syria. Though Russia might explain that its deal with Syria was strictly commercial, like the sale of arms to Egypt, Bulganin's threat—to Israel and to peace in general—was very real.

From the British and French ambassadors in Jerusalem came word that the U.S. had informed their countries that it "would not feel compelled to take action" in case of a Soviet attack on their Suez and Cyprus forces. Accordingly, they told Ben-Gurion they could promise him no support if he insisted on holding Sinai. From Washington Ambassador Abba Eban telephoned urging moderation and reporting that President Eisenhower was sending a personal message asking the Prime Minister to back down so as to give the Russians no pretext for intervention.

Bitter Choice. Ben-Gurion was a bitter, frustrated man. He stayed up far into the night, brooding, reading his Bible. Actually, he had no choice at all.

Next morning, surprisingly brisk and bright-eyed, he turned up at his office for the first time in a fortnight. Ben-Gurion drafted replies to Eisenhower and Bulganin. Asked how he felt, he grunted: "I have no time to feel ill." He called in leaders of all political parties except the Communists to tell them that the U.N. and the great powers were "not content with a mere cease-fire."

Then he sat down to write a speech taking back all his victorious vaunts of two nights before. At 12:30 a.m., delayed

until his reply to Eisenhower was in Washington and thus free to be broadcast, Ben-Gurion's speech of abnegation went on the air. Hoarse and halting, the patriarch spoke his surrender: "The government is prepared to withdraw its forces from the territory of Egypt immediately after the entry of the international emergency force into the canal zone."

Again the Guerrillas. At this stunning reversal, requiring surrender of conquests almost three times the country's size, the flush of victory vanished from Israel. "It took us only one week to conquer the Sinai desert," said a Jerusalem schoolteacher, "and only one day to lose it." Perhaps Ben-Gurion never intended to keep Sinai ("We want no more desert"), but he had obviously hoped to bargain with it for his minimum demands: 1) peace on the border; 2) possession of the Gaza Strip and of islands in the Gulf of Aqaba; 3) the right to move Israeli cargoes through the Suez Canal.

All celebrations ended abruptly in Israel, and released reservists were called back. Army units worked full speed to get battle-worn tanks, guns and other equipment back into shape. At week's end Foreign Minister Golda Meir told a party meeting that the Gaza Strip, the Egyptian-held corner of the old Palestine mandate overrun in the Sinai blitz, "is an integral part of Israel."

On the very night that the tough old leader made his submission, Israeli newspapers carried reports that *fedayeen* guerrillas had struck across the border in a half-dozen raids from Jordan. Whatever the Israelis had won by their preventive war, they did not appear to have won a peace. "Go-it-alone" Israel, in its fear of the Soviet Union, turned once again toward cooperation with the U.N., and above all toward the U.S.

GREAT BRITAIN

Driven Man

[See Cover]

The grave men gathered in the Cabinet room at 10 Downing Street were confronted with a problem unique in the proud history of Britain: they were afraid that Egypt and Israel would stop fighting and peace would break out in the Middle East. All Monday afternoon, as British paratroops ground down on Port Said and a Franco-British fleet hovered off the canal's mouth, Britain's Cabinet debated tensely. One member pointed out that the man who stepped in to referee a fight would hardly be justified in attacking the boxers if they stopped fighting. There was a murmur of uncomfortable assent. But Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden had gone too far to stop now. Only a matter of a few hours, he argued, separated them from full control of the Suez Canal and perhaps the downfall of Egypt's Nasser.

It was a curious position for the man whom the Opposition only ten months before was calling "the boneless wonder," who only 17 months ago had won a triumphal election on a platform of "working for peace." Elegant, unruffled, a good party man, priding himself on the quiet adjustment and the deft compromise, Eden had built a reputation as a diplomatic technician par excellence. But last week the diplomatic technician had plunged recklessly for force, the popular Prime Minister was under a shattering hail of critical fire unequalled in violence since the time of Neville Chamberlain.

War Aims. Within the quiet Cabinet room differences were minimized. Richard Austen Butler, who is in effect deputy premier though his title is only Lord Privy Seal, did not quarrel with the desirability of Eden's objectives in want-

ing to fight on. But, said "Rab" Butler pointedly, he himself had just made a speech, which he had thought was in line with Eden's views, saying that Britain had intervened in Egypt only to stop the fighting. How could he go back to the House and say now that Britain refused the cease-fire even though the other combatants had stopped? If Britain kept fighting after Egypt and Israel had stopped, he added, the rupture with the U.S. might become irreparable.

On this unresolved note, the Cabinet adjourned. In the House of Commons, the Opposition hammered at the government on the difference between what Eden said and what he did. Eden had said Britain was protecting the canal; but the British broadcasts from Cyprus were telling Egyptians: "You have committed a sin, that is, you placed your confidence in Nasser and his lies." Said Labor's Nye Bevan: "Here you have not a military action to separate Israeli and Egyptian troops. Here you have a declaration of war against the Egyptian government in the most terrible terms."

Laborites charged bitterly that "Russia would not have dared to take this action in Hungary but for the action of this government in Egypt." Eden stood his ground, unyielding, uncommunicative.

To Bed at 5. In the three months since Nasser seized the Suez Canal Co., Anthony Eden has averaged less than five hours' sleep a night. He did not get much that night. At 1:30 he was roused by a secretary carrying the hectoring threat from Russia's Bulganin: "We are fully determined to crush the aggressors and restore peace in the East through the use of force." Minutes later, a worried Guy Mollet called from Paris. Then a message arrived from U.N. Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld announcing that both Egypt and Israel had agreed to a cease-fire. Eden summoned some of his advisers, did not get back to bed until 5.

But by 9 that morning, Eden was up, faultlessly dressed, soundly breakfasted. All morning he met with his Cabinet. There was no dispute about how to answer the Russian note. Cabinet members were cheered by the U.S.'s prompt reply that it would oppose Russian intervention and agreed that Bulganin should be told to mind his own business. But the members disputed long over the cease-fire. Butler reiterated his argument that further gains by British arms would not compensate for U.S. and world disapproval. One worry was that protracted fighting might provide the Russians with a pretext to send volunteers in massive numbers to Egypt, with untold consequences to the balance of power in the Middle East. By 1 p.m. Eden yielded. He advised Mollet: "We've practically won. Nasser cannot last long now, anyway."

Ignominious End. That afternoon Eden told the House of Commons: "Her Majesty's government are ordering their forces to cease-fire at midnight tonight." The Labor benches broke into a spontaneous cheer. Moments later, the Tories realized that, if Eden had ordered it, a cease-

fire must be Tory policy, and they too began belatedly to cheer.

Then Eden made a blunder. He followed right on by reading his reply to Bulganin's note. Inescapably, the world was left with the impression that only Bulganin's threat had scared Eden into capitulation—an impression that the Russians successfully exploited among the Arabs of the Middle East.

So ended, ignominiously, one of the shortest and most controversial wars in Britain's history. Tories got what consolation they could out of the renewed prospect of solidarity with the U.S. Scarcely had Eden finished speaking than he got a phone call from President Eisenhower,



Illingworth, by permission of the proprietors of Punch
PUNCH'S EDEN

who interrupted his Election-Day concerns to express his approval of Eden's decision. Cried Mollet in Paris: "When the Soviet Union thought it saw a crack in the free world and wanted to threaten, we at once found the U.S. at our side."

Eden's internal troubles were far from over. No sooner had he issued his cease-fire promise than he began to hedge it: the British-French forces would not leave until an "effective" U.N. police force was on hand, and Britain's view of effective was one that included the British. Eden wanted to have his assaulting forces deputized into law-enforcing U.N. policemen. Britain only did "what the U.N. without a police force could not do in time," was Eden's argument.

Trouble Behind. Such hedging left many a Tory deeply uneasy. Brilliant young (33) Sir Edward Boyle, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, resigned from the government. Boyle was widely respected, and his resignation was far more of a blow than the earlier departure of mercurial Minister of State Anthony Nutting. Two Tory backbenchers resigned. A revolt was visibly in the making.

Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd hurried to a meeting of Tory backbenchers. Threatening open defection, they demand-

ed the unconditional withdrawal of British forces, and acceptance of a U.N. police force without insistence on a British component. Reluctantly Lloyd acquiesced.

Lloyd's concession repaired what might have been a serious breach. At division time, on a motion to censure the government, a handful of younger Tories still remained stubbornly in their places. Chief Government Whip Ted Heath bent over them, arguing earnestly like a schoolmaster with wayward children. At the last minute, two of them got up and headed for the Tory lobby, to side with the government.

The revolt had subsided.

For the moment, Eden seemed to have weathered the worst. The impatient were glad that Eden had done something at last; the embarrassed were glad that he had stopped doing it. Most Britons were at least delighted to see Nasser taken down a peg. Attending the Lord Mayor's banquet in the Guildhall at week's end, Eden was applauded by crowds on the sidewalk, applauded again when the waiting dignitaries broke precedent to cheer him and Lady Eden as they entered on a flourish of trumpets. In pubs and farms, the reaction of many a normally loyal Labor voter was: "Thank heaven Eden had the guts to take firm action." Though Labor M.P.s harangued crowds from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Southampton on the theme of "law not war," their impact seemed to be diminishing. A worried Tory campaign manager thought that Eden seemed to have most people with him "but this thing could change any moment." Though the Archbishop of Canterbury had condemned the government, the Archbishop of York found that the "policy of the government, no less than the policy of the opposition, can be supported by Christian convictions." Some 240 of Cambridge's most distinguished scholars wrote a letter to the *Times* protesting Eden's intervention. More than 350 dons at Oxford filed a similar protest, but a rival group of 30, led by 90-year-old Greek Classicist Gilbert Murray, supported Eden.

Several influential journals—the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Economist*, the *Observer*—called bluntly for Eden's resignation. Already people were calling it "Eden's war."

Waiting Man. Because of this division in the country, Eden will undergo in the next few weeks a searching re-examination of a sort to which few other men have ever been subjected outside a court of law. But his deeds are more easily judged than the man, who has always remained curiously elusive. A classical product of a classical British education (Eton, Oxford and the Somme), Eden was an aristocrat by birth, the third son of irascible Sir William Eden, an unlovable country eccentric whose baronetcy dates back to the 17th century.

A captain of artillery in World War I, Eden returned to Oxford to take first-class honors in Persian and Arabic, which he still speaks fluently. Soon, with the aid of an influential father-in-law (Sir Gervase Beckett, director of the Yorkshire Post),

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he was launched on a career as a young Tory comer. At 38, he was the youngest Foreign Secretary in a century, and the glamour boy of Britain's slick-paper magazines. Mussolini complained that the British government "sent a little boy to deal with me," and Hitler's newspapers called him "The Eden Boy." But one day in 1938 Eden stood up in the House of Commons to protest Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's overriding the Foreign Office. With that instinctive sense for the undramatic, he declared: "I do not believe . . . in appeasement," and resigned. Churchill remembered: "There seemed one strong young figure standing up against long, dismal drawing lines of drift and surrender. Now he was gone."

For 17 long years, Eden hovered in Churchill's shadow, just one step below the top. He waited so long and so patiently that it became a kind of joke and gibe. In those years as heir apparent he was a man of devices, not decisions; Churchill made the decisions. When EDC came to an undignified end in the French Assembly, Eden thought of using the 1948 Brussels pact as the basis for Western European Union—"a diplomatic miracle," said John Foster Dulles. In 1954 he negotiated with a young military reformer-dictator named Nasser for the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt, and 74 years of British occupation came to a quiet end.

Wrong Place, Wrong Foot. U.S. diplomats were often exasperated at Eden's infinite patience, his insistence on compromise and limited solutions, his willingness to concede rather than fight (as in Indo-China). But on the whole, they were anxious to see him succeed the aging Churchill, whose erratic flights in his last months in power often gave U.S. policymakers the jitters.

But from the day of his triumphant election in 1955, Eden has been dogged with ill luck. Three days after his election the nation was hit by the first major railroad strike in 29 years. Three months later the economy went into a sag so sudden that Eden was forced to introduce an unpopular emergency budget. Then came the Cyprus problem. Eden's successfully impersonal handling of the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit was spoiled almost before Eden could take a bow by the news that an inept British frogman had disappeared while inhospitably snooping around the visitors' ships in Portsmouth Harbor.

Even friends conceded that Eden, so long a second in command, seemed unable to make decisions until goaded into them, then lashed out erratically to prove he was strong. They cite the unhappy attempt to rush Jordan into the Baghdad Pact that resulted in the ejection of Lieut. General John Bagot Glubb. Under stinging criticism for this blunder, Eden retaliated by abruptly ordering the arrest and exile of Cyprus' Archbishop Makarios. Last week critics offered the same diagnosis of his sudden decision to intervene in Egypt. Wrote *Punch*: "A weak, vain man, riled at continual attacks on his in-decision, when he makes up his mind to show the world that he is firm and to put

his obstinate foot down, usually puts it down in the wrong place."

Case by Case. Some who know Eden well argue that this picture of the dithering, indecisive man is less than fair to him. Eden is a great proponent of the clean desk. A diplomatic telegram arrives from an embassy; he deals with it. An attack is made in the House of Commons; he chooses his line of defense without hesitation. At the level of specific answer to specific questions he is far more decisive and less of a procrastinator than Churchill. (When he was waked from a sound sleep to receive Bulganin's note, his first reaction was to begin drafting a reply—



Ron Spillman—Black Star
BRITAIN'S BUTLER

Disapproval must be an inside job.

not to call experts for an assessment of Russian intentions or to check on Britain's defense capabilities.)

In the past, a trained Foreign Office man acted within the huge framework of law, administration, private contracts and trade that was the British Empire. The rightness of his specific decisions depended merely on relating them to that structure. But now the structure is gone, and a sounder criticism of Eden is that he seems incapable of visualizing a new structure to replace it. British common law is made case by individual case, but it would be chaotic if those cases did not build up into a coherent structure. In foreign affairs, Eden is still a case-by-case man.

For months, the only case he could see in the Middle East was whatever would lead to dumping Nasser. In his difference with Dulles over Suez, Dulles again and again made the point that the West, as the canal's users, must impress the Arab world that its long-range interests lay with the West, and if the Arabs wanted the West's capital and technical aid they must have the West's confidence. Eden could see only one need. All his plans were aimed at bringing about Nasser's downfall, and he refused to look beyond

to the shape of the Arab world that might result.

Butler's Praise. Though dissatisfaction with Eden's performance is real, there seems no immediate likelihood that he might be overthrown by a revolt of Tory backers in the House. The Tories have a 50-vote majority; no large body of Tories wants to bring down the government in such a way as to bring the Labor opposition to power. Tories do not do things that way. The Tory way is quiet talk at the Carlton Club, little conferences in House offices, and an agreement that Anthony needs a rest.

If Eden were to be replaced, the leading contender would be the cold and talented Rab Butler, who all through the crisis managed skillfully to convey his aloofness from Eden while at the same time publicly expressing his loyalty. Privately, he let it be known he had not been consulted on many points. Publicly he exclaimed: "I have never known, under any Prime Minister I have served, the qualities of courage, integrity and flair more clearly represented than in our present Prime Minister." Commented the *Economist*: "Remembering, as one was meant to remember, that Mr. Butler's last Prime Minister was Sir Winston, [this is] an example of how to damn a leader by praise that nobody will believe."

Butler, though he has established a useful position for the future, is still in no position to challenge Eden for the leadership, knows that he would lose if he did. Said one Conservative old hand: "You must understand how strong is the spirit of unity among Conservative leaders. We remember how much damage has been done by splits in our leadership—Fox and Pitt, Peel and Disraeli. The only reasonable way for Butler to express such differences as he may have with Eden is within the party, within the government. That way, he may have some influence and only that way. Why should Butler do anything else? He has time."

History Lesson. At the moment, in fact, Eden's standing is probably higher in his own country than it is in the rest of the world, which by and large has returned a massive verdict of disapproval. Not the least of that disapproval stemmed from the palpably hypocritical versions of history Eden has disingenuously tried to foist on the world.

¶ Eden's first announced purpose in invading Egypt was to 1) keep the belligerents apart, 2) protect Suez shipping from the threat of Israeli invasion. In fact, Britain's twelve-hour ultimatum demanded that the Egyptians, but not the Israelis, retreat 100 miles from their own frontier. British forces neither engaged the attacking Israelis nor drove them back; instead, they bombed and assaulted the defending Egyptians.

¶ Eden pleaded that faced with Israel's sudden action the British and French had to act too swiftly for "the inevitably cumbersome processes" of the U.N. But the British had known of the Israelis' intentions earlier, with France doing most of the dirty work in linking the three

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nations in conspiracy (TIME, Nov. 12). ¶ Eden pleaded that Britain wanted to keep the canal open. The day of Israel's invasion a record northbound convoy of 36 ships moved through the canal. By the time British-French troops landed, the canal was blocked and will be for "several" months.

¶ Eden argued later that Britain had acted only on behalf of the U.N. But the U.N. protested the British action 64-5. Vice Admiral Pierre Barjot, deputy allied commander, was more blunt in acknowledging the allies' true motive: "Soldiers, sailors and aviators," he declared in an order of the day, "at the moment when you were about to enter as conquerors of the principal city of the Suez Canal, a cease-fire was ordered. But your efforts and your courage have wiped out the affronts."

¶ At week's end, Eden's government was propounding a new line: Britain had intervened to foil a Russian plot to take over the Middle East. Said President of the Board of Trade Peter Thorneycroft: "We intervened to stop the war, and we have perhaps stopped it in the nick of time before the Egyptian air force, organized by Russia, ran amok in the Middle East." Eden's Foreign Office had apparently not had the political word. The Foreign Office told inquiring reporters that stories of massive Russian moves came from Russian propaganda, which was systematically exaggerating what Russia has done or will do for its Arab friends.

Half Success. In time, what might most seriously jeopardize Eden's political standing and stature at home is not the morality of his action, or the morality of his defense of it. It will be the judgment that his policy failed to achieve what it was designed to achieve, and that the cease-fire agreement was the final, inconclusive half-measure of a series of miscalculations. He had taken only half the canal, and Nasser was still in power. The canal was blocked, the Iraq pipeline sabotaged, and Britain faced a winter of cold homes and industrial shutdowns. Not for this should he have risked the good will of Britain's most powerful ally, outraged the Commonwealth, aroused the Arab world to outspoken hostility, incurred the opprobrium of the world, and divided his own country.

His miscalculations began with Nasser. Indications are that Eden never expected and certainly never prepared his nation for all-out war with Egypt. Instead, Eden apparently believed that Nasser was a straw sphinx who would crumble at the first threat of military action against him. Eden may also have underestimated the depth and vigor of the U.S. response, and of the amount of moral indignation toward aggression still left in the world.

Among many of his own countrymen Eden basked in momentary approval as a man who had made a good try. When the consequences are measured, including the damage to Britain's moral reputation and to the Middle East's security, Anthony Eden might in time look something less of a hero to his countrymen.

FRANCE

From the Outside

Unlike Anthony Eden, France's Socialist Premier Guy Mollet had to answer no cries of national conscience over the Suez landings. For Mollet there was no Archbishop of Canterbury reading lessons in simple Christian morals or Labor opposition demanding his head: the French Assembly, except for the Communists and Poujadists, was united behind his invasion of Egypt.

His real pressures came from outside: from U.S. Ambassador Douglas Dillon calling three times during the week to urge the Premier to heed President Eisenhower's advice for a cease-fire. And they came from Anthony Eden, who by telephone from London asked Mollet for a joint cease-fire—and by midnight, Mollet wanted the cease-fire delayed for 36 hours, so that allied forces could take the whole Suez Canal. Eden refused. How about an extra 24 hours? No. Twelve hours? No. Six hours? Impossible, replied Eden. Mollet turned back to his ministers and shrugged: "We can't do anything without the English."

There were only a few grumbles. Jacques Soustelle, Gaullist ex-governor of Algeria, pronounced his verdict: "Nasser wins only because he hasn't lost." Mollet entered an Assembly dissatisfied by partial victory. He saw his chance when a Poujadist Deputy, going too far, complained: "Our paratroopers died for the Queen of England." Wrapping his fingers around a floor microphone, Mollet shouted: "Never forget that if we are able to sit on these benches and speak as free men it is because from 1940 to 1941 the British held on alone." Every Deputy but the Poujadists and Communists gave Guy Mollet a standing ovation.

That was all he needed. In a quick, impassioned speech far different from his dry, schoolmasterish recitations, Mollet said: "Nasser has lost. What has become of the bogus hero now that his army has refused to fight for him?" Without stopping to answer he rushed on to the new questions that Anglo-French aggression had created: "The repercussions of the measures we took have revealed the real situation in the Near East, the ambitions of the Soviet Union. They have made evident the absolute necessity for the three great Western powers to coordinate their policy." Next day Premier Mollet accepted the mandate of the Assembly's Foreign Affairs Committee to call for a meeting of Big Three leaders, and hoped it would be in Washington, and soon.

EGYPT

The Glory of Defeat

For the most part, Egypt's supposedly volatile people accepted the triple assaults of their nation's invaders with remarkable discipline and calm. To this rule there was one notable exception: Gamal Abdel Nasser. From the moment of the first attack, the aggressive, self-confident man who had staked Egypt's life on the



At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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premise that Britain and France would never use force was visibly shocked and distraught.

Last week, his military ordeal apparently ended, the new, post-invasion Nasser began to emerge. Haranguing a crowd of 20,000 at Cairo's ancient El Azhar Mosque, he sounded at times quite his old cocky self. Egypt, he said, finished the conflict "feeling stronger than we did when we started . . . Two great powers are with us: Russia, which threatened Britain and France, and America, which opposed their aggression."

"My Brethren." On the Suez issue he was still defiant. "So long as there is a foreign force, one single foreign soldier in Egypt," said he, "we shall not begin repairing the canal and we shall not begin running the canal. Eden will never force us to surrender. Egypt was made to fight, my brethren, we were made to fight. After ten days of fighting, we are all of us one monolithic people, one aim and one man!"

Unlike the old Nasser, the new Nasser devoted a good deal of his time to defensive-sounding explanations. The singularly unimpressive performance of the Egyptian air force was explained away as a clever trick. "Our pilots," said he, "were ordered to stay grounded despite their protests . . . We put dummy planes on the airfields, and in this way we were able to save our air force." He went on to make the amazing assertions that no Egyptian tanks or armored cars were lost in battle against the Israelis, that the Egyptian air force had shot down 18 Israeli planes and had been "in control of the battlefield" until the "great deception, treachery, perfidy" of Anthony Eden. The fact that none of the other Arab states gave Egypt active military assistance was also, said Nasser, part of Egyptian strategy. "King Saud called me by telephone," said the Egyptian President, "and told me that the Saudi Arabian army and money were at Egypt's service." So, he declared, did Jordan's young King Hussein and Syria's President El Kuwatly. "My answer was that we were worried about Jordan, and that the Egyptian army was able to repulse Israeli aggression."

Egyptians might well believe these stories. There were, in fact, no immediate signs that the war had done anything to shake the Egyptian public's confidence in Nasser. (In Port Said, when a newsman asked a captured Egyptian civilian, "What do you think of Nasser now?", the prisoner squared his shoulders and blurted back: "What do you think of Eden now?")

Frail Reed. But to anyone outside Egypt it was evident that Nasser's Trendex rating had dropped severely. Not only had his military machine been badly damaged, but it had been made abundantly clear to other Arab nations that to rely on Egypt to crush the hated Israelis would be to rely on a frail reed indeed. If they had achieved nothing else, the British, French and Israelis had dealt a severe blow, perhaps a fatal one, to Gamal Abdel Nasser's dream of dominating the Arab world.



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

"Viva Hungria!"

The nations of Latin America, onetime colonies all, shared with the U.S. the shock of the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, and street crowds predictably peppered British and French embassies (and in Havana even a hapless local agency for the French Renault car) with stones, eggs and even bullets. But when Russian troops and tanks cracked down brutally on freedom-seeking Hungarians, the demonstrators forgot the errors of Britain and France and turned against the Soviet Union with anger born of horror and—in the case of the generally left-wing university students—with bitterness born of disillusionment.

Fire & Fiery Words. In Uruguay students shouting "Viva Hungria!" shouldered aside policemen, smashed into Russia's Montevideo consulate, sprayed the place with gasoline and burned it down. In Buenos Aires a mob of 2,000 chanted "Murderers!" outside the Russian embassy until driven off by a fog of police tear gas. Guatemalans, openly encouraged by their anti-Communist government, paraded and protested.

Argentina's President Pedro Aramburu, in a speech quivering with indignation, exclaimed that "there should be a little Hungary in every heart." In the Brazilian Congress, Monsignor Arruda Câmara, a Deputy, called the Russian aggression "treacherous, brutal, cowardly and unjust," and was loudly cheered. Cuba's Delegate to the U.N., Emilio Núñez Portuondo, who took a leading role in guiding General Assembly opinion toward passing U.N. resolutions condemning the oppression of Hungary, charged Russia with "genocide."

A Hemisphere Unified. A few of the nations of the Americas hastened to back up their anger with acts. Argentina agreed to give refuge to 3,000 Hungarian children; Chile invited Hungarian farmers. Most dramatically, Colombia, the only Latin American nation to send troops to Korea, came through again with a fast offer to join the United Nations' Middle East police force (see FOREIGN NEWS). At week's end the first advance party of 55 Colombian soldiers with full equipment was already winging eastward from Bogotá in a pair of U.S. Air Force Super Constellations. Brazil's President Juscelino Kubitschek also offered 500 soldiers, and asked his Congress to speed the required constitutional approval.

With Moscow discredited even among most fellow travelers, and with London and Paris looking newly imperialistic, Washington's prestige almost automatically zoomed up in Latin American eyes. The police-force move, and the U.S. support for it, were popular throughout the Americas. Out of wrong, one good thing had come: for the crises that are still ahead, the hemisphere is now unified as it has not been since World War II.

VENEZUELA

Backland Bonanza

Inland from Venezuela's Caribbean coast some 200 miles, the swift, black Caroni River plunges into the chocolate-colored Orinoco. Southward from this junction of two mighty streams lie jungles and sandy scrublands pooded with low, reddish mountains. This poor-looking expanse is one of the world's great storehouses of iron. West of the Caroni looms Cerro Bolívar, blanketed with 500 million tons of high-grade ore. Farther west lies another iron mountain, El Trueno, endowed with 150 million tons. On the other side of the Caroni, Bethlehem Steel Corp. gathers up 3,000,000 tons of ore a year



Trust Map by J. Donovan

from El Pao, and barely dents the mountain's treasure.

To the Sea. These are only three among dozens of ore-crusts hills and mountains. Geologists' estimates run to 2 billion tons of iron ore, and that may be only the beginning. Oil-rich Venezuela is also iron-rich.

The iron riches lay virtually untouched until 1930, when a Bethlehem Steel Corp. subsidiary began mining El Pao. The ore traveled by rail to the Orinoco, then by shallow-draft vessel to deep-water Puerto de Hierro (Iron Port). In early 1954, a U.S. Steel Corp. subsidiary, Orinoco Mining Co., sent its first load of Cerro Bolívar ore down the river. Orinoco Mining has spent \$230 million on its Cerro Bolívar mine and the installations that go with it: a trim little company town near the base of the mountain; a river port (Puerto Ordaz); 90 miles of railroad; and 180 miles of Orinoco channel, making it possible for ore ships to steam down the Orinoco to the sea. Cerro Bolívar's 1955 output: more than 6,000,000 tons. El Pao's: 3,600,000. These two mountains accounted for all of Venezuela's iron-ore exports last year, but a newly

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formed U.S.-Venezuelan company expects to begin shipping ore from El Trueno by late 1957.

Oil Boom Backstop. Within a few years, Venezuela will be using part of its ore to make steel at home. An Italian combine is under contract with the Venezuelan government to build a \$200 million, 421,500-ton-a-year steel mill near the mouth of the Caroni. Last week, a few miles up the Caroni from the mill-to-be, the workmen, trucks and power shovels of a French construction firm were clearing a site for a government-owned hydroelectric plant that will provide 143,000 kw. for steelmaking, plus another 157,000 for the region's future industrial growth. The project's total wattage is twice what the entire capital city of Caracas now uses, but less than one-tenth of the Caroni's unharnessed potential.

In the midst of their country's roaring oil boom, thoughtful Venezuelans sometimes wonder what might happen to their economy if some adverse development—widespread utilization of atomic energy, perhaps, or big new oil finds in other countries—rubbed the bloom off the boom. Industrial growth based on abundant iron ore and the huge hydroelectric potential of the Caroni promises to put a second powerful prop under the economy, and make Venezuela's future more secure.

PUERTO RICO

As Predicted

Election Day went according to form in Puerto Rico. Governor Luis Muñoz Marín won his third four-year term handily, polling almost twice as many votes as his two opponents combined. By giving Muñoz Marín's Popular Democratic Party a landslide-proportioned 62.5% of the total vote, Puerto Ricans proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that they prefer the governor's personally designed status as a U.S.-associated commonwealth to either national independence or U.S. statehood.

The vote polled by the opposition had a special significance of its own. In the 1952 elections, the Independence Party pulled 125,403 votes, the Statehood Party only 84,056. This time the roles were reversed; the Independentists got only 86,101 votes while the Statehood Party more than doubled its 1952 vote, receiving 171,910. It was clear that even among those Puerto Ricans who are opposed to Muñoz Marín, a whacking majority want U.S. ties.

At his first news conference after the election, Muñoz Marín declared the entire matter of the island's relationship with the U.S. a closed question for at least the next four years. "There are more important objectives in Puerto Rican life to be attained, and it would be a waste of time to discuss the political status," he said. Then he gave an ambitious example of the kind of objectives he had in mind: "The Cabinet and I have engineered a plan of effective work for the next four years—including rehabilitation of our agriculture to bring it up to the level of industrialization."



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Alone at a public celebration.

United Press

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Well away from his war-torn homeland, Egypt's fat, foolish ex-King Farouk waddled past a candy store in Rome, paused to inspect the goodies, then rippled with anger. Last week Farouk's lawyer filed a suit against a north Italian candymaker to prevent the confectioner from marketing any more fat, foolish chocolate bars under the brand name "Farouk."

Dashing off a guest column in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Manhattan's bustling Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, himself a television star, took a slant on the institutions of radio and TV that left even the crassest Madison Avenue hucksters gasping at his hard-sell eulogy. Wrote Sheen: "Television is a blessing. Spiritually, radio and television are beautiful examples of the inspired wisdom of the ages. Radio is like the Old Testament . . . hearing of wisdom without seeing; television is like the New Testament because in it the wisdom becomes flesh and dwells among us . . . We are thankful to radio and television for being the most spiritual symbols of the truth by which we are saved."

Last May New Jersey's handsome Democratic Governor Robert B. Meyner, 48, an unconfirmed bachelor, met handsome Helen Stevenson, 28, a distant but authentic cousin of Adlai E. Stevenson, at a mock political convention at Ohio's Oberlin College, of which Helen's daddy, Dr. William E. Stevenson, is prexy. Like any enterprising suitor, Meyner got Helen's phone number, but tarried, as shy bachelors will, for three weeks before calling

her in Manhattan. During the Democratic National Convention last August they caucused and got engaged, but afterwards were both too busy politicking to tell anyone except their closest friends. Helen's father announced last week that ardent Democrats Meyner and Stevenson will be married in January. Was Helen now concerned about their 20-year difference in ages? Said she: "It's a matter of individuals." As for Governor Meyner—already a dark-horse candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960, his



GOVERNOR MEYNER & FIANCEE
Together in a private caucus.

United Press

White House eligibility immensely improved by the imminence of his marriage to a pretty lady—he's in politics "until the electorate says otherwise."

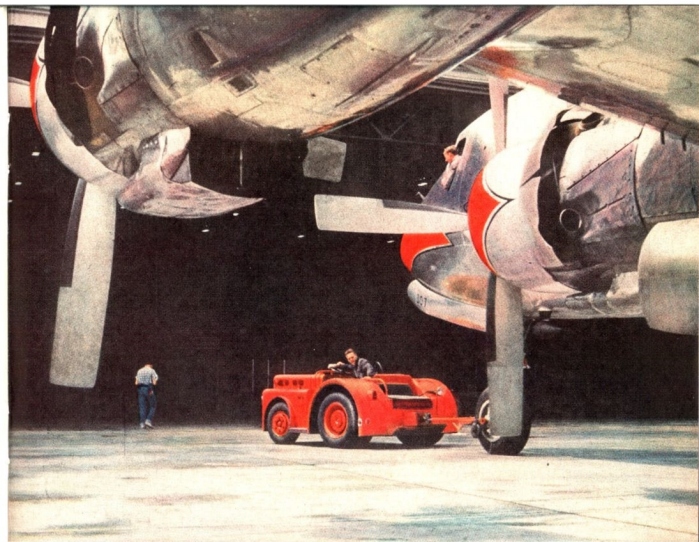
On a concert tour in the Union of South Africa, aging (40) boy-wonder Violinist Yehudi Menuhin played to an all-black audience (as stipulated in his contract bucking the Union's racial disunion), then responded to a grateful speech by a local leader of a "Non-European" association. Said Menuhin: "I have played for you because I owe your tradition in India and Africa a great deal—particularly Africa for the vivacity that people from Africa have brought to American music. My playing for you is thus an exchange, not a gift."

In Washington, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas was the only U.S. Government notable in attendance at the Soviet embassy's party celebrating the 35th anniversary of the U.S.S.R.'s October Revolution (see FOREIGN NEWS). He was greeted warmly by bearded, beetle-browed Soviet Ambassador Georgy N. Zarubin, all tricked out in his fancy diplomatic uniform.

On their exhibition-game junket through Japan, the Brooklyn Dodgers, World Series losers, discovered in their own ranks a superb pantomimist whose antics delighted Japanese baseball fans and even amused his hard-shelled teammates. The newborn funnymen: First Baseman Gil Hodges, now playing in the outfield. In a land where pantomime is an exalted art, burly (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.), big-handed (size 14) Hodges was bringing down the house with his clownish imitations of pitchers, umpires and catchers. Sometimes he was a veritable Kabuki dancer, quivering his legs, shaking his fists, stamping the ground. Good will was roared forth by his onlookers demanding curtain calls.

Harvard Theologian Paul Tillich last week dealt a resounding uppercut to a piece of art that had invaded his preserve. Tillich's target: the new, vista-domed painting of *The Last Supper* by antenna-mustached Surrealist Salvador Dali. The big picture is now the public favorite at Washington's National Gallery of Art, where it has pushed Pierre Renoir's dear little *Girl with a Watering Can* into the mud as a runner-up. Declaring before the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dr. Tillich deplored Dali's work as a sample of the very worst in "what is called the religious revival of today." The depiction of Jesus did not fool Tillich: "A sentimental but very good athlete on an American baseball team . . . The technique is a beautifying naturalism of the worst kind. I am horrified by it!" Theologian Tillich added it all up: "Simply junk!" In Spain, Artist Dali seethed under the misimpression that Tillich had said "drunk." Retorted he, with mustaches a trample: "I have been drinking mineral water exclusively for more than ten years!"

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1956



hangar check

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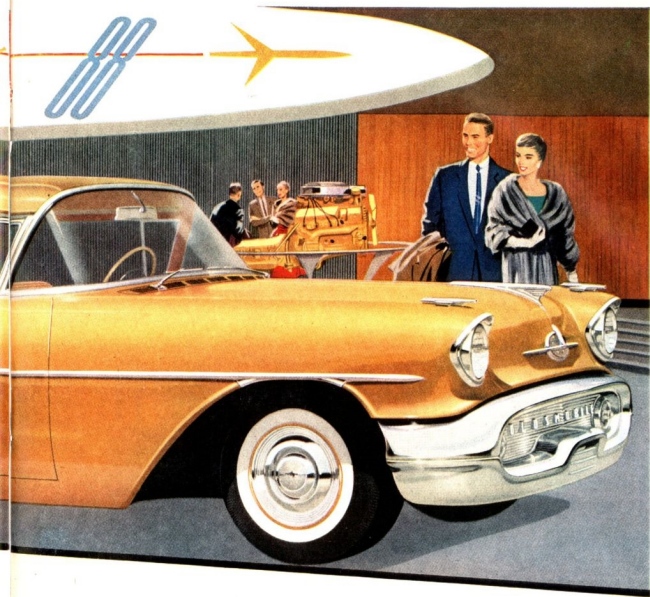
Above, new 1957 Golden Rocket 88 Holiday Coupé, pictured in the new General Motors Technical Center. Six other stunning new models are also available in this budget-priced series—all powered by the new 277-horsepower Rocket T-400 Engine!

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MUSIC

Met's New Coloratura

The Metropolitan Opera has a dazzling new coloratura soprano. She is Atlanta-born Mattiwillda Dobbs, 31, pert, appealing to the eye, solacing to the most opera-worn ear. She made her debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto* last week, and the event was doubly important, for she is the first Negro to sing a romantic lead at the Met.*

Rigoletto, despite some of the most grippingly grisly melodrama in grand opera, is distinctly dated. Whenever Gilda has a spare moment, the orchestra lapses into a kind of soft-shoe accompaniment, leaving wide-open spaces for her graceful vocal glides and glitters. Soprano Dobbs sounded smooth as cashmere beside the tweedy textures of Tenor Jan Peerce and Baritone Leonard Warren. Her phrasing was always neat and true; in lyrical passages her voice floated with never an edge. In Verdi's showy old coloratura bits, e.g., *Caro Nome*, it glittered clear and bright as a glockenspiel in a football band. She was nervous at first—her vibrato was fast as a canary's, and she heaved her pretty bosom with each breath, which is not regarded good form—but she stopped the show several times, and the bravos rang out like pistol shots when she finished.

Soprano Dobbs has traveled as far and fast as her admirers could have hoped, since she bowed at La Scala as Elvira in Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* three years ago (*TIME*, March 16, 1953). In Europe

* Famed Contralto Marian Anderson broke the singers' color barrier two years ago in the role of the Negro Ulrica in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Three weeks later, Baritone Robert McFerrin made his Met debut as Amonasro in *Aida*. Ballerina Janet Collins was the first Negro ever to be featured at the Met (in 1951), also in *Aida*.



SOPRANO DOBBS AS GILDA
As bright as a glockenspiel.



CONDUCTOR SCHURICHT & VIENNA ORCHESTRA PLAYERS
Far from *Schlamperei*.

Walter Doran

she has appeared before both opera and concert audiences from Stockholm to Milan. While studying in Paris she met her husband, a Spanish journalist named Luis Rodriguez, lost him 14 months later (he died of a liver ailment), two days before she was to sing a command performance of *Le Coq d'Or* at London's Covent Garden. She went on (as the Queen of Shemakhan) despite the tragedy, now thinks "singing helped."

Mattiwillda (a contraction of the names of her maternal grandmother) made her U.S. stage debut with the San Francisco Opera a year ago, was back in Covent Garden last February when word came that the Met wanted her to sing four Gildas this season. She was asked to keep it a secret until the opera made the announcement, so her only celebration was to sing "especially well that night."

Cruising with the Viennese

One of the most important words in the Viennese patois is *Schlamperei*, meaning, roughly, negligence or sloppiness. The word has long applied to government, often to business and sometimes to music. In music it is accompanied by the frequently heard plea: "We may not play all the notes, but you must admit, we have heart."

To judge from its first U.S. appearances, the famed Vienna Philharmonic, the world's second oldest symphony orchestra,* has never heard of *Schlamperei*. It performs a feat that is the essence of all art but seems to be becoming increasingly rare, in Vienna or elsewhere; it combines heart with precision, sentiment with discipline.

Changes at Length. At Manhattan's Carnegie Hall last week, the Viennese were led by Germany's thoroughly craftsmanlike Carl Schuricht, who during the

orchestra's current U.S. tour (31 concerts) will alternate with Belgium's André Cluytens. Schuricht, a kinetic 76, conducted with broad, firm gestures that belied his frail appearance, seemed to be perfectly in tune with the Viennese. The audience was plainly delighted from the moment the orchestra's famed string section started to play—or rather, to sing. In Mozart's short *Symphony No. 23*, written when he was 17, the orchestra brought out a remarkable feeling of adolescent sentimentality—the oboe solo in the andante section positively swooned—as well as hints of emotional depths. Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*, about as nearly threadbare as a Beethoven work can be, had its nap teased attractively. But the evening's *pièce de résistance* was *Symphony No. 7* by Anton Bruckner (1824-96).

Bruckner represents Vienna to the long-hair almost as fully as Johann Strauss does to the waltzer. An organist-teacher who knew and idolized Richard Wagner,* Bruckner was remarkably prolific (eleven symphonies) but never won wide popularity, has only a handful of dedicated champions in the U.S. His critics feel that his music is long-winded, full of thunderous ups and downs but no real climaxes. His *Seventh Symphony* refloats Wagner's old ecstasies on a luminous sea. Tunes follow one another like long ground swells; the hues and moods change gradually and at length. When it is all over, an hour after it starts, it feels like a cruise; the listener's senses have been gratified but he may feel that he is right where he started.

Secure in Memory. Along that cruise, the Vienna Philharmonic never went off course for an instant; there were no fra-

* Soon after Wagner died in 1883, Bruckner said that the second movement of his *Seventh Symphony* was intended as a memorial to the master. Actually Bruckner had written the movement well before the composer's death. His blithe explanation: he had conceived the music following a premonition of Wagner's end.

* After London's Royal Philharmonic (1813). It gave its first concert in March 1842, eight months before New York's Philharmonic.



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zled high notes among the fiddles, and the fine, big blare of the fortissimo passages was never ugly.

The Vienna Philharmonic's 140 musicians are among the world's busiest; they spell each other in concerts, the Vienna Opera pit and recording sessions (the orchestra has probably been recorded more often than any other). Most remarkable of all, it is a cooperative group, rules itself democratically and feels no need for a permanent musical director. Secure in the memory of having been conducted by Brahms, Mahler and Richard Strauss, it has the sure flexibility of a string quartet, a sense of inner joy not matched by other, more overpowering orchestras. In time, it may even convert American concertgoers to Bruckner.



Walter Darian

SONGSTRESS VALENTE

From Paris in German to Moorish.

New Pop Singers

The ears of Manhattan night-livers were happily tuned last week to a pair of pretty girl singers. Caterina Valente had already gone far—all the way from Germany to the Cotillion Room of the posh Hotel Pierre. Barbara Lea had only gone as far as the tiny downtown and downstairs Village Vanguard, but she was already breaking many of the customers' hearts twice nightly.

Modified Moorish. Songstress Valente first burst on the U.S. scene last winter with a brassy but strangely appealing version of *Malagueña* (Decca). Her high, uninhibited voice soared with the echoing strings, and the record became a hit (TIME, Feb. 7, 1955). Unfortunately, her only U.S. appearance at the time was a single shot on TV, and few admirers were able to find out just why the girl with an Italian name should be singing a Spanish song in German.

Now, lean and attractive, and sporting a yard-long pony tail, she explains something of herself as she entertains her au-

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dience. She stems from a long line of show people, went on the road with her Italian-comedienne mother as a dancer at the age of five. Caterina is the youngest of four children, was born in Paris where the family now makes its comfortable home. There, after World War II, Caterina began to exploit her pretty voice, learned the American jazz style from recordings by Louis Armstrong, Ethel Waters and Billie Holiday. By 1952, Caterina had married a German juggler named Eric van Aro, now lives in West Germany as a popular recording artist and movie actress. Her singing style has settled into a kind of modified Moorish that can develop into a frightening, savage howl or sink into a sweet whisper. Last week she occasionally accompanied herself expertly on a guitar, playing some poignant harmonies that freshened the overfamiliar Latin tunes. Hers is a carnival kind of talent, not naturally adapted to the chic mannerisms, the sexy wiggles or the whining American vocal inflections that she often attempts, but a pleasant one nevertheless.

Modified Wellesley. Songstress Lea (from Leacock) is bedeviled by the fact that her singing reminds people of Lovelorn Jazz Singer Lee Wiley—a matter of pleasure to others and pride to herself, but bothersome nonetheless. She stands quietly before her audience, looking sweet-faced as the college girl she recently was, smiling a slow, shy smile. Her singing voice is satisfyingly low, delightfully sandy, bewitchingly intimate, and her vocal style is almost like speaking, conveying a rare sense of lucidity and conviction. She sings many—too many—unfamiliar numbers, e.g., *You Irritate Me So*, *This Is Where Love Walked In*, *Honey in the Honeycomb*, as well as more recognizable show tunes and the kind of attractive oldies that always seem to avoid being predictable.

Barbara's Detroit parents jokingly decided she was going to be a blues singer when she was four, although she preferred to think of herself as a future coloratura ("I didn't even know what the word meant"). By the time she heard her first jazz singing, Billie Holiday's *Fine and Mellow*, she was a self-conscious teenager and could barely bring herself to stand up in front of a summer-resort band. The next year she decided to go to Wellesley in the mistaken belief that Wellesley had a course in automobile mechanics ("I have a knack for scientific things"), then found herself spending most of her time with a Harvard undergraduate outfit known as the Crimson Stompers.

"If anybody knew how rough it was going to be," she says ruefully, "nobody would go into show business." She worked in a real-estate office, moved to New York, took "gesture lessons," and picked up stray singing jobs. Eventually, she recorded a single for Cadillac, an LP (*A Woman in Love*) for Riverside, has another (*Barbara Lea*) upcoming for Prestige. Her musical ambition, which she is well on the way to achieving, is to sound like "a nice, warm person—just someone you would like to know."

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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Long Day's Journey into Night, Eugene O'Neill's unsparing levy on his own darkened past, may constitute his most substantial legacy to the American stage. Reaching Broadway 16 years after it was finished and three years after his death, this relentless chronicle of O'Neill's riven and tormented family has the imperious thrust of unblinking theater mated to unsoftened truth. It also achieves the illumination born of compulsive groping, prodding and clawing in dark places. In it O'Neill has managed to apply a famous



Gjon Mili

THE TYRONE FAMILY[®]

With spectral love and convulsive guilt,

phrase of Addison's—to ride in the whirlwind yet direct the storm.

The nearly four-hour-long play about the Tyrone family—actually the young O'Neill, his father, mother and elder brother—occupies a single day in 1912. The touchy, hard-drinking father—a gifted actor who had let himself dwindle into a successful matinee idol—is a miser. His parsimonious use of cheap, irresponsible quacks has helped make the mother a hopeless dope fiend. The elder brother is a cynical and shiftless lush, the 23-year-old O'Neill an unconfident and consumptive fledgling writer. Nothing happens: four people merely taunt and bludgeon and resent one another while slowly, and at length explosively, revealing themselves. The play's movement is not forward, but downward and inward. In be-

devising propinquity, the drunken and the drugged exhibit spectral moments of love and convulsive moments of guilt, make accusations that are in effect confessions, go in for cruelties that are spewings of self-hate. Endlessly they go on saying the same things, while yet blurring out things not meant to be said at all; over and over they assume the same perverse or posturing roles, while betraying some corner of their actual selves.

Though the plotless play is overlong and sometimes cumbersome and clumsy, these weaknesses—as not often in O'Neill—have their value. The repetitions, for example, are in character, as coming from broken-willed people with a neurotic need for the solace or savagery of words. The plotlessness is the measure of their impotence. The play's language—merely straightforward and blunt, except where the self-dramatizing old actor and the word-conscious young writer empurple it—has in the theater far more trenchancy than the half-poetized prose so frequent in O'Neill. Even the lengthiness weights and certifies a story that, if told concisely, could merely seem lurid.

Long Day's Journey does not seem lurid. If only through writing about the family nightmare could O'Neill expunge it from his mind, then by waiting half a lifetime before he wrote, he achieved a strange but sure perspective. The play suggests a kind of emotional total recall rather than subjective involvement; in the most personal of his plays O'Neill seems, as a writer, least self-conscious. He has succeeded, not—as is usual in creative autobiography—through assuming some kind of mask, but through stripping himself bare. Memory has had for O'Neill an incandescence that imagination seldom did.

And understandably, for on his own doorstep he was to find characters more vibrant than any he could easily invent. The mother in *Long Day's Journey* has perhaps passed too directly from sheltered girl to shattered ghost, but the O'Neill men, with their still-far-from-extinct volcanic fires, their bitter humor, their biting anger, are flaringly Irish and fiercely damned. In the portrait of the father, O'Neill comes close to O'Casey. And in the scene between father and son (antidating similar scenes in Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams) and between brother and brother, what had once been flesh and blood is turned into blood and guts.

As staged by José Quintero, the production does justice to the play. Florence Eldridge as the mother, Jason Robards Jr. as the elder brother and Bradford Dillman as the young O'Neill are all good, and Fredric March as the father is superb. Such acting is needed for a play whose compassion lies in the completeness of its picture, the full plumbing of its characters. Nowhere are the characters softened into victims or flattened into villains; they remain—with however wayward or mocking an autonomy—people.

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EDUCATION

Goodbye to 'Bama

When Oliver Cromwell Carmichael, 65, took over the presidency of the University of Alabama in 1953, the post was to have been the climax of a distinguished educational career. After graduating and getting an M.A. from the University of Alabama, Carmichael went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, eventually rose to be chancellor of Vanderbilt University, later president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. For Alabama, it was something of a coup to get a man of such a reputation.

It soon turned out that Carmichael and Alabama had different ideas about what the university should be. While Carmichael tried to tighten academic standards, he refused to share the concern of some alumni over the fact that 'Bama's once-great football team has won only two games in the last 23. To many old grads he became the original longhair. But even worse: he broadly hinted that the university might one day have to comply with the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation.

During the tragic Autherine Lucy affair (TIME, Feb. 13 *et seq.*) Carmichael was caught between those who thought he should have taken a bolder stand for principle and those who blamed him for allowing a Negro to get into the university in the first place. He began to receive anonymous phone calls accusing him of being a "nigger lover." Gradually, his trustees began to turn against him, and the strain became too much.

Last week Oliver Cromwell Carmichael decided to get out of Alabama and to accept a two-year-old offer from the Fund

for the Advancement of Education to do a survey of higher-education programs. "I feel," said he of his new job, "that it is the greatest opportunity that has come to me."

The Jews Are Hosts

For 50 years prominent American Jews had talked about the idea, but it was not until after World War II that seven Bostonians finally decided to make it a reality. The seven were all immigrants or the sons of immigrants. All had been successful, and all wanted to find a way to show their gratitude to the nation in which they had prospered. In 1946 they launched their campaign to establish Brandeis University—the first Jewish-founded nonsectarian university in the U.S.

This week, in honor of the 100th anniversary of Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis' birth, scores of notables from the academic and legal worlds gathered at the Brandeis campus in Waltham, Mass., to pay him tribute. Chief Justice Warren unveiled a statue of him, and three of his former law clerks were on hand for the ceremony. But the most meaningful tribute to Brandeis was the university itself. In only eight years, it has taken its place as one of the most promising of U.S. liberal-arts campuses.

Mexican Ivanhoe. When the university opened its doors in 1948, it had 107 freshmen and a faculty of 13. Its plant consisted of a Normanesque "castle" (which Architect Eero Saarinen once described as "Mexican Ivanhoe") and a few other buildings that had belonged to the defunct Middlesex University Medical School. At first the founders hoped that Albert Einstein would consent to take over the pres-



Lawrence Lowry—LIFE

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idency. But when Einstein declined, they hit upon the happy choice of Historian Abram Sachar, chairman of the National Hillel Commission.

A genial, rotund man of 57, Sachar has been able to attract both brains and money to his campus. Though the university had no alumni until 1952, groups of "foster alumni" sprang up in dozens of cities across the U.S., gave to the new university as generously as if it had been their own alma mater. Gradually the faculty grew to 160, the student body to 1,070, the annual budget to nearly \$3,000,000. Around the great castle ultramodern buildings arose, including three separate chapels for Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants.

True Cross Section. Novelist Ludwig Lewisohn taught at Brandeis until his death in January. Columnist Max Lerner



PRESIDENT SACHAR
A way with brains and money.

and Critic Louis Kronenberger commute from Manhattan to give courses. E. E. Cummings, Archibald MacLeish and W. H. Auden have lectured on modern poetry, and such theater celebrities as Marc Connelly and Arthur Miller have taught contemporary drama. "A school," says Sachar, "is not a curricular philosophy. It is the people you bring to it."

Today Brandeis has coeducational undergraduate schools in the humanities, social and natural sciences and the creative arts. In its graduate school 132 students are working for advanced degrees in everything from microbiology to Judaic studies. "We will add professional schools," says Sachar, "when we can be sure of making them measure up to the highest standards." But however much Brandeis grows, Sachar wants its students to be a true cross section of the U.S. population. "Diversification," says he, "is necessary if we are to fulfill the purpose for which the school was founded—to be a university where, at last, the Jews are hosts, and not guests as we have always been before."

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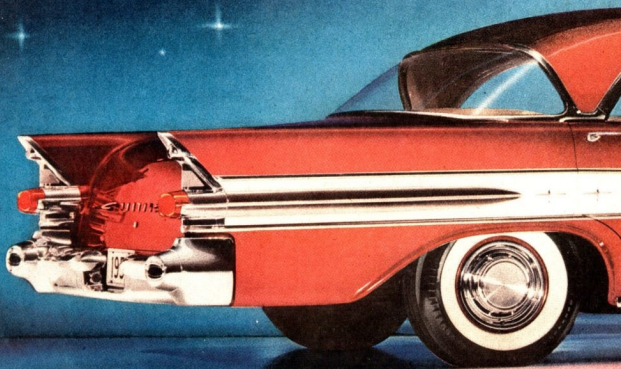
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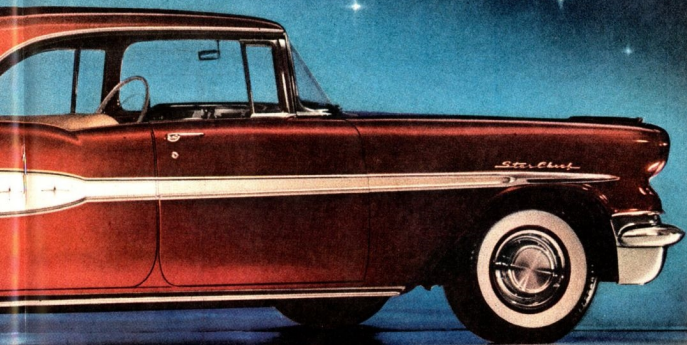
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SPORT

Rematch in the Rose Bowl

It was getting so cold on the upper reaches of the Mississippi that the University of Minnesota football team decided on a year-end vacation. Pasadena's Rose Bowl seemed just the place. "We've talked it all over," said Coach Murray Warmath, "and if we're good enough, we'd like to go." The unbeaten Gophers figured to be more than good enough to beat Iowa's corn-fed Hawkeyes and earn the trip to California.

"There's been no Rose Bowl talk at Iowa," said the Hawkeyes' Coach Forest Evashevski. The "One Man Gang" who led Michigan's bruising prewar powerhouses in 1939-40 had yet to win a football game in Minneapolis—either as Michigan player or Iowa coach. So he forgot about New Year's Day and concentrated on the task at hand. "I'll be taping my players all night," he added as he brooded over the long roster of Iowa casualties.

Vital Statistics. Tape or talk. Evashevski had finally found the formula for success. The Gophers fumbled on the fourth play from scrimmage and the fired-up Iowans wasted not a moment. Quarterback Ken Ploen called his shots with cool aplomb, flicked a couple of precise, pinpoint passes, and, eight plays later, the Hawkeyes scored.

Chagrined, the Gophers ground their way back. Half a dozen times they pounded into Iowa territory; half a dozen times they bumbled away the ball game. Minnesota passes that would have made the difference were intercepted. Up front, Iowa's furious linemen jolted Gopher ball carriers into disastrous fumbles. For all their errors, the Gophers had the edge in first downs, 16-11, in rushing yardage, 232-181, in passing yardage, 71-32. But when the gun ended the game, they were behind in the only statistics that count. The score: Iowa 7, Minnesota 0.

California-Bred. Now it was proper for Iowa to think of Pasadena. But when word came in from the West, the Hawkeyes learned that they faced no vacation. Out in San Francisco, Oregon State's Beavers skinned past Stanford's favored Indians, 20-19. Only last month, the Beavers had almost chewed up Iowa before losing a close one, 14-13. Last week they demonstrated that they had learned how to come from behind in the clutch.

Tutored by bulky (260 lbs.) Tommy Prothro, once chief recruiter for U.C.L.A.'s Coach Red Sanders, Oregon State boasted nine California-bred bruisers on its first team. It was no surprise that they played Sanders' type of football: a power-packed single-wing offense that kept right on rolling after Stanford's sharpshooting passer, John Brodie, put the Indians out in front 19-7. Late in the third quarter, Oregon State completed a lovely 59-yd. pitch-and-run pass play of their own leading to a touchdown and, midway in the last quarter, went all the way on another



IOWA'S FULLBACK FRED HARRIS (35) DIVING FOR TOUCHDOWN
Cool aplomb won a warm vacation.

pass. The extra point made the difference. Come New Year's Day, barring the absolutely unexpected, Iowa will find Oregon State waiting in Pasadena for the first seasonal rematch in Rose Bowl history.

Other bowl-bearing scores:

¶ Tennessee upset Georgia Tech 6-0, became top choice for the Cotton or Sugar Bowl.

¶ Texas A. & M. whipped S.M.U. 33-7, needs only N.C.A.A. permission for a Cotton Bowl bid.

¶ Colorado, after a 14-14 tie with Missouri, was a strong Orange Bowl candidate.

Olympic War

Half the globe away from the world's shooting wars, the vanguard of an international brigade of athletes invaded Australia. They had come, so they were told, to promote peace. But the repercussions of far-off gunfire were felt in Melbourne's Olympic village—and might just possibly wreck the 1956 games.

Egypt and Iraq had withdrawn, would not be present to compete with their enemies. The Communist Chinese had pulled out in a fit of pique over an invitation to the Nationalists. Solemnly Avery Brundage, the International Olympic Committee's president, insisted that "in an imperfect world, if participation in sports is to be stopped every time the politicians violate the laws of humanity, there will never be any international contests." The Olympics, he argued, are above politics; the games must go on.

Childish Idealism. The Netherlands' Olympic Chairman Johannes Linthorst Homan sadly replied: "In our optimism and our perhaps childish idealism we kept hoping that goodness would be recognized and that our playing the game could contribute to the establishment of a certain understanding. . . . When the radio told us

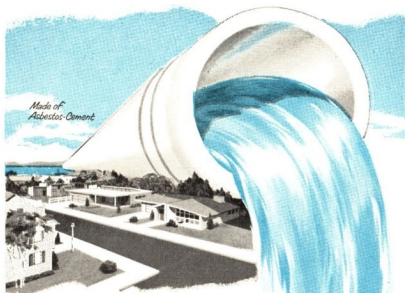
of what overcame Budapest through a cynical violation of all that is sacred to men, I wondered if going to Melbourne could have any sense. We are sportsmen, but we are not soft in the head, are we?" The Netherlands' Olympic Committee answered that question by withdrawing from the games, donating 100,000 guilders (\$26,000) of its Olympic fund to Hungarian war relief.

Other nations saw eye-to-eye with the Dutch. Spain and Switzerland withdrew. But this week, after worldwide appeals from sports fans and Olympic officials that the Swiss withdrawal would not help the cause of anti-Communism or world sport, the Swiss reversed themselves; all Swiss teams would participate except the gymnasts, who still refused to compete alongside the Russians.

Nervous Waiting. Lebanon also pulled out. There were rumors that Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Luxembourg would follow. Still there were 60 nations officially on the Olympic rolls. The English and French had promised to compete. The U.S., with one of its best teams ever, had many of its members in Melbourne, and the rest were on the way. The Russians, who arrived five days late (their ship, the *Gruzia*, had killed time at sea until it seemed safe to put in at a Western port), loudly boasted of their prowess, gorged themselves on good Australian steaks, and promised to take all the medals in sight.

With the Russians had sailed a few members of the Hungarian team; they were stunned when they heard the news from their homeland, but did not know what to do. Olympic officials nervously awaited reaction from the arrival of the bulk of the Hungarian team. Meanwhile, the Olympic torch, lit in Grecian sunlight and flown south and east, was being carried by runners down the Australian con-

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continent. Australian Olympic Official W. S. Kent Hughes made a desperate plea to both athletes and spectators to save the games from politics. "Never before in the history of the modern Olympics," said he with crashing understatement, "have the games been staged in such difficult conditions..."

Don't Fire the Coach

As a backfield star for the University of Washington in the early '30s, "Cowboy" Johnny Cherberg was a big man on campus, but after he became the Huskies' football coach in 1953, he seemed hard put to find a friend. Downtown alumni carped and criticized and horned in on his job, finally got him fired (TIME, Feb.



International
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR CHERBERG
After the vote, an option play.

13), after stirring up a scandal that splattered all over the Pacific Coast Conference. But they had not got rid of Johnny. The stubborn Cowboy stayed in Washington, and last week his loudest enemies suddenly sounded like soft-spoken friends. John Cherberg, Democrat, had been elected lieutenant governor of the State of Washington.

As if to prove the popularity of the university's former coaches, Johnny's predecessor, Democrat Howie Odell (who also took his lumps from local football boosters), won the post of a King County (which includes Seattle) commissioner. Smart alecks saw the political victories as a U. of W. bargaining point. What other university could promise its discarded football coaches high public office? Somewhat more sober citizens remembered Cowboy's campaign promise to make the lieutenant-governorship more than a political sinecure, to interest himself particularly in Washington's educational problems. And they had a few words of warning for U. of W. administrators: "Don't fire the coach; he may wind up governor and fire you."

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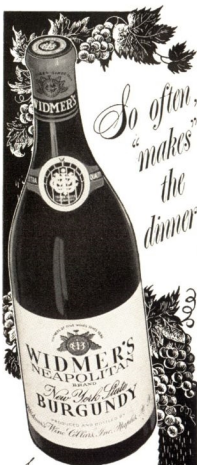
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SCIENCE

The 14-Mile Drop

The Navy last week broke the world balloon-altitude record long held by the Army,* but it did not do the job with untruffled dignity. Its helium-filled balloon, made of plastic film, and 128 ft. in diameter, rose without trouble from the same bowl-like depression near Rapid City, S. Dak. that the Army's record-setting flight used in 1935. Far below its partly expanded bag hung a spherical aluminum gondola stuffed with scientific apparatus. Inside were Lieut. Commanders Malcolm D. Ross and Morton L. Lewis, wearing man-from-Mars pressure suits and festooned with instruments to measure their heart action, breathing, etc., and report the readings to escort aircraft and ground radios. The primary purpose of the flight was not to make an altitude record but to study conditions on the fringe of space and human reactions to them. The Navy intended to keep its "Strato-lab" (the gondola) at peak altitude for about three hours, a period impossible for rockets or rocket planes.

The balloon rose rapidly, glinting in the sun. At 56,400 ft., Commander Lewis reported that he and Commander Ross were having coffee, a prime necessity of Navy men. Somewhat later he remarked that the sky was clear and dark blue-black. The balloon continued to climb. In two hours and 50 minutes it passed the Army's altitude record (72,395 ft.) and reached 76,000 ft.

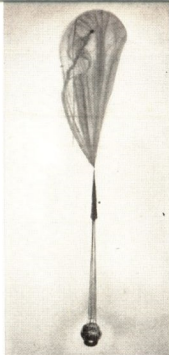
Everything so far had gone well. Ross and Lewis dropped the balloon intentionally to 75,000 ft. and started to make the observations that were the purpose of the flight. Then the trouble started.

The gondola began to spin crazily, 14 miles above the earth, and the great gas-bag would not stop descending. Apparently a malfunctioning valve on the balloon had begun to release helium. The men radioed that the balloon was out of control. They dumped all the ballast and strapped themselves to the gondola's seats. "We are calm, cool and collected," they radioed. "We think we'll stay with the balloon as long as we can."

To reduce the dangerous speed of descent, they jettisoned batteries, oxygen apparatus, everything in the gondola that could be torn loose. They were drifting over the sand-hill cattle country of northwest Nebraska, and little by little the descent of the balloon decreased to a safer rate. As the gondola approached the ground, the crew detached the gasbag, which soared off on the wind. The gondola dropped the few remaining feet, its fall cushioned by a plastic shock absorber, and the two men from Mars stepped out. Almost at once a light airplane piloted by Don Higgins of Ainsworth, Neb. landed beside them.

"Have you got any coffee?" the bal-

* Set by Army Captains Orville Anderson and Albert Stevens on Nov. 11, 1935.



Associated Press
NAVY'S HIGH ALTITUDE BALLOON
It was lovely up there.

loonmen asked. Except for temporary deafness, they were unhurt after their 14-mile fall. "We got no work done," remarked one of them. "But it was lovely up there."

Diggers

Searching for treasures and art objects, early archaeologists burrowed recklessly into ancient ruins. Often they missed or destroyed the subtle hints and clues that tell modern diggers how ancient people lived. Professor Carl W. Blegen of the University of Cincinnati now tells how careful, new-style digging uncovered the apartment of a Greek queen of the Homeric Age, more than 3,000 years ago.

Queen's Boudoir. For five seasons Dr. Blegen's group has been working at a site near Pylos in southern Greece, where the ruins of a Mycenaean palace cover the top of a hill. Most famous inhabitant of Pylos was King Nestor of the *Iliad*, and it is probable that the palace once belonged to him and his Queen, Eurydice. The building, which had two floors, was burned to the ground after Nestor's death, but the blacked ruins can still tell much about the people who lived there.

Earlier digs uncovered the great hall where Nestor held court; this season the workers moved to the eastern wing of the palace. As their shovels cleared the floors of a suite of rooms, they sensed the feminine touch. "Nestorina [Mrs. Nestor]," they called to Dr. Blegen.

Queen Eurydice had a spacious reception hall with a circular fireplace in the center. Her boudoir had frescoed walls, and its stucco floor was gaily decorated with dolphins and octopuses. Like other parts of Nestor's palace, the Queen's apartments had terra-cotta pipes to carry off



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the smoke of the heating system. A small room, presumably a bathroom, had an underground drain. There was no bathtub, but since a terra-cotta tub was found in another part of the palace, Queen Eurydice may have had one too. Or perhaps her slave girls bathed her by pouring water over her. Vessels designed for this bathing system (still common in eastern countries) were found in her rooms.

Child's Toys. For six years, archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania have been digging at the site of ancient Gordium, capital of the Phrygians, who ruled much of Asia Minor up to the 7th century B.C. Dr. Rodney S. Young, leader



PHRYGIAN LION



GOAT'S-HEAD PITCHER

In the Bronze Age, a diaper problem.

of the dig, tells how an earthen mound near Gordium was probed with an oil-well pilot drill. Off to one side, presumably to foil grave robbers not equipped with modern scientific gadgets, was the tomb of a high-born Phrygian child who died about 2,600 years ago. The remains of five baby teeth were sifted out of the dust, and a bronze belt proved just long enough to fit a child about four years old.

Carefully packed in a big bronze kettle were toys that modern children would appreciate: wooden horses, one of them winged, a lion fighting a bull, a yoked ox. Perhaps the Phrygian child had been a "feeding problem" and had to be cajoled into eating his meals. At any rate, his tomb was furnished with special dishes for mealtime entertainment. One pitcher was like a goat's head with the horns for handles. Other vessels were modeled after geese, stags or rams.

While drinking from animal dishes, the Phrygian child may have worn diapers of a sort. Bronze safety pins found in the tomb suggest that children's underpinnings have not changed in 2,600 years.

The Pigeons, Alas

Homing pigeons are in serious trouble. Many fanciers fear that some mysterious influence is confusing or destroying their famous homing instinct. Last week the Homing Pigeon Club of Tucson, Ariz., released 109 well-trained birds at Lordsburg, N. Mex. Club members expected at least 95 of them to find their way back the 135 miles to home lofts in Tucson, but only five birds made it. No one knows what happened to the other 104. Said Member Tracy Prater, onetime Army pigeoneer: "Every club has a 'smash' race once in a while, but that is nothing to explain our troubles in the last two weeks."

All Birds Missing. One pigeon club in nearby Phoenix has stopped all racing because of heavy losses. In one 56-bird race, it lost all the birds. Another Phoenix club still races, but its losses are increasing distressingly. Some Arizona pigeon fanciers attribute their misfortunes to secret activities at White Sands (missile) Proving Ground, N. Mex.

From other parts of the U.S. came other wails. Since last August, race after race has been a "smash," with nearly all birds lost. One New York City club lost all except nine of 230 birds. Another sent out some 1,000 birds and got less than 100 back. Clubs in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California and Colorado were reported as having the same experience. A New Jersey club retrieved only two birds out of a flight of 100. There are some trouble-free spots (e.g., Massachusetts), but Editor John A. Roberts of the *Racing Pigeon Bulletin* says that pigeons are in trouble in most of the world. English fanciers recently lost all but 100 of a 7,000-to-8,000 bird flight from the Channel Islands.

What has happened? Pigeon fanciers wish they knew. Ever since World War II, especially in Europe, there have been spectacular "smashes," but never have the disasters been so numerous and so widespread. The International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers (2,800 members) held a convention last week in Newark and discussed the problem dispiritedly. Its president, John Inglis Jr., has lost 32 birds since August and has only ten left. He has no theory to account for the losses.

Fall-Out or Saucers? A few pigeon fanciers blame an unusual combination of the pigeons' normal enemies: hawks, hunters, high-tension wires, TV aerials, adverse weather. Others are not so complacent, pointing out that these familiar dangers would not be likely to increase in New Jersey, Arizona and England at the same time.

Some fanciers have appealed to pigeon-wise scientists, but have got little help. Science does not really understand the mysterious instincts or special senses that guide pigeons home. Other desperate pigeonmen blame radar, TV broadcasting and radioactive fall-out from nuclear weapons tests. Some think that secret Government experiments are "disrupting air waves and currents so the pigeons can't find their way home."

An announcement to Gentlemen

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it is your Custom to enjoy a Scotch with both AGE & nobility, be advised that our House imports 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. To be found at private clubs, fine public taverns, spirit shops, hosteleries, etc. Put some aside today.

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THE PRESS



SADOVY'S PICTURE OF HUNGARIAN SECURITY POLICE BEING SHOT
"I could see the impact of bullets on a man's clothes."

John Sadovy—LIFE

Portrait of Death

Out of Budapest last week LIFE brought unforgettable pictures that added up to the most eloquent report of Hungary's bloody fight against tyranny. They were the work of a virtual unknown; a gentle, pudgy free-lance photographer named John Sadovy. When LIFE released six of his pictures to the Associated Press, hundreds of newspapers across the U.S. snapped up the chance to run them. Sadovy's grim shots of fury, terror and the face of death were all the more remarkable for the cold courage he needed to take them in the most dangerous kind of combat—a confused, vengeful rebellion in which the bullets zinged from all directions.

A short, unheroic figure, 31-year-old Photographer Sadovy waded into the thick of the fighting with a pair of old Leicas, used a 35-mm. wide-angle lens at close range for most of his pictures. He leaned over rebels' shoulders to sight his camera along their rifle barrels. Among the casualties in the same action (TIME, Nov. 12): *Paris-Match* Photographer Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini, whose wounds resulted in his death last week. Yet Sadovy's 18 rolls of 35-mm. film showed no tremor. His most memorable sequence: rebels cutting down security police as they poured out of a Communist headquarters. With his pictures, LIFE ran his own terse, vivid account: "I could see the impact of bullets on a man's clothes . . ."

Tyranny, bloodshed and hardship are no newcomers to Sadovy. Born in Czechoslovakia, he fled his home in 1939 at 14 to avoid German forced-labor camps, later joined a Polish unit of the British Eighth Army. He fought up Italy's Adriatic coast as a company photographer, found that the only way to get good pictures was to stay ahead of the infantry.

Splurge on Swans. After he was demobilized in England in 1948, Sadovy had a thin time trying to work as a photographer. In a grimy London suburb, he managed to survive on two shillings (28¢) a day during a 15-month period when he earned only £1 (\$2.80) by selling an animal picture to *Photography*.

The turning point came in 1951 when he was down to his last two rolls of film. He splurged them both on a herd of swans preening themselves on a London park lake, made the rounds of London magazines. Two days later, *Picture Post* telephoned: "The editors want to use your pictures. Will £40 be enough?"



John Mulliken

PHOTOGRAPHER SADOVY
"Tears kept running down my face."

Assignments came easier then. In 1953 Sadovy won a *Vogue* contest for fashion photographers (though he had never taken a fashion picture before). He married an English girl, became a British subject. Last year the Sadovys moved to Paris, set up living quarters in a trailer. When LIFE needed an extra hand in Budapest, Sadovy's knowledge of Czech, Polish and German, plus his excellent shots of Moroccan fighting a year ago, gave him the assignment. The troublesome part of the job in Budapest, he found, was that "the tears kept running down my face and I had to keep wiping them away."

Lincoln in the Papers

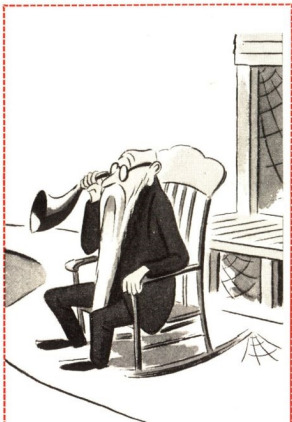
"What shall we call him? Coward, assassin, savage, murderer of women and babies? Or shall we consider them all as embodied in the word fiend, and call him Lincoln, the Fiend?"

So wrote Virginia's *Richmond Enquirer* of the President of the U.S. in 1862. It was not unusual. Caught up in the passions of the era, the Northern Copperhead papers no less than the Southern press called Abraham Lincoln names that for venomous variety have been unsurpassed before or since in editorial tirades against a President—"The Ape," "Simple Susan," "Kentucky Mule," "Illinois Beast," "traitor," "low-born, despicable tyrant," "cringing, crawling creature."

"Four Score & Ten." The deadly broadside re-echoes in a lively new book, *Lincoln As They Saw Him* (Rinehart; \$6) in which Herbert Mitgang, an editor of the Sunday New York *Times*, shows in their own words how editorial writers and reporters viewed Lincoln at every stage of his public life. For all it tells of Lincoln with the fresh impact of the morning's paper, Mitgang's fat volume tells as much about the press from the withering perspective of history.

Thus the *Illinois State Register* (Springfield), taking Lincoln to task for his "assumed clownishness," charged that his "buffoonery convinces the mind of no man, and is utterly lost on the majority of his audience." The *Chicago Times*, one of his angriest foes, sneered that "he cannot speak five grammatical sentences in succession." One of Lincoln's greatest speeches, the second inaugural ("with malice toward none") was dismissed by the *Times* as "slipshod" and "puerile."

Lincoln bore not only the papers' contumely but their inaccuracy. From his entry into politics up to his nomination for President in 1860, newspapers in his own Illinois and across the country could not seem to spell his first name right. They called him "Abram" Lincoln—and, in the very story of his nomination, so did the New York *Times*. (Soon afterward, papers began running instructions on how to pronounce "Lincoln.") The *Chicago Times* repeatedly misquoted him in its report of the Gettysburg address ("Four score and ten years ago . . ."). To its credit, the New York *Times* ran a letter-perfect full text of the address (followed by "continued applause"), though the reader could not discover that Lincoln had even spo-



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Sam aged like Methuselah and looked like him, too.



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ken at Gettysburg until he had plowed through hundreds of words about the memorial ceremony.

Judgment Day. But the press also gave Lincoln staunch supporters, e.g., the *Chicago Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial*, and some memorable reporting, such as the *Commercial's* description of the elation in Chicago at Lincoln's first nomination: "The city was wild with delight. The 'Old Abe' men formed processions and bore rails through the streets. Torrents of liquor were poured down the hoarse throats of the multitude. A hundred guns were fired from the top of Tremont House."

Despite all it said about him, Lincoln enjoyed a lifelong kinship with the press.



SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS'S LINCOLN
Coward? Assassin? Savage?

As a youth in Springfield, he sold subscriptions for the weekly *Sangamo Journal*, covered the state legislature for the same paper when he was a state representative. He carried his habit of writing letters-to-the-editor right into the White House. For about a year before his inauguration he secretly owned a newspaper, the German-language *Illinois Staats-Anzeiger* at Springfield. The contract Lincoln drew up to buy the paper left it in the hands of Editor Theodore Canisius but entitled Lincoln to take over its type and press any time the paper failed to espouse the Republican line.

The editorial hatchmen kept swinging to the end—and even afterward. Of his assassination, the *Dallas Herald* wrote: "God almighty ordered this event." Houston's *Tri-Weekly Telegraph* crowed: "From now until God's judgment day, the minds of men will not cease to thrill at the killing of Abraham Lincoln." But the press was not altogether blind to history. In 1864, during Lincoln's campaign for a second term, the *Chicago Tribune* stumped for him with prophetic words: "Half a century hence, to have lived in this age will be fame. To have served it well will be immortality."



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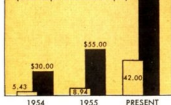
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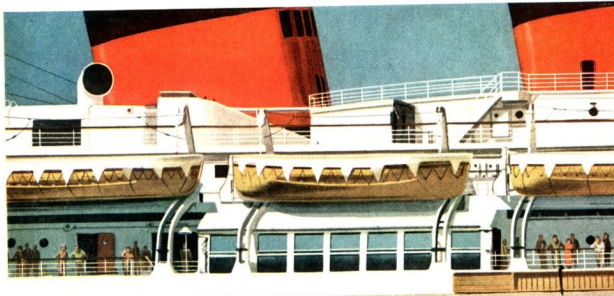
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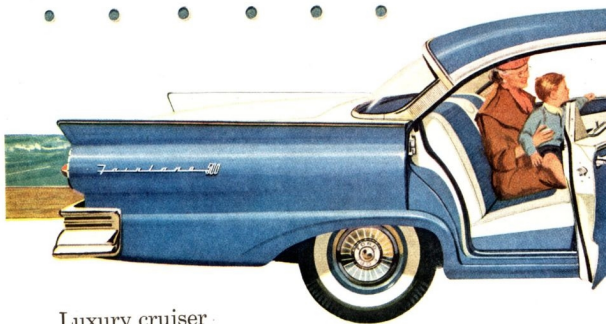
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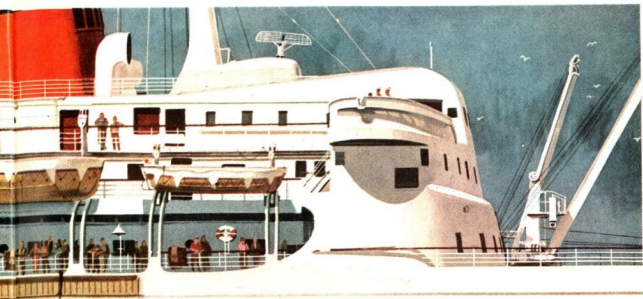
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The New Kind of Ford is a long boat (over 17 feet in the Fairlane Series), a low boat (only 4 feet, 8 inches high), a power boat (with a wide range of horsepowers to meet your every need).*

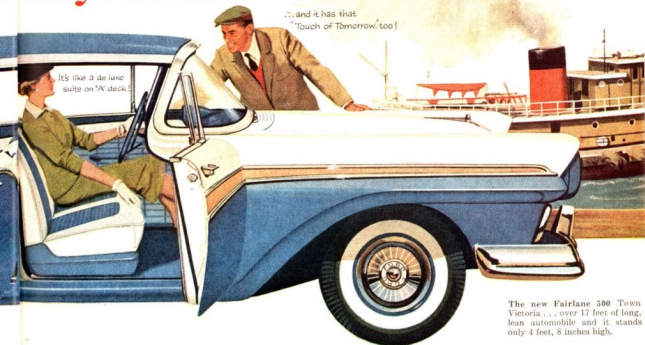
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And this luxury cruiser sells at the low Ford prices, despite the fact that it's completely new, from the smaller wheels for a plusher ride to steering that's so sensitive it seems to work by thought control. *See the great range of glittering new Fords at your dealer's today. Anywhere on land, this is the way to launch yourself in 1957*

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J & L — A G R E A T N A M E I N S T E E L

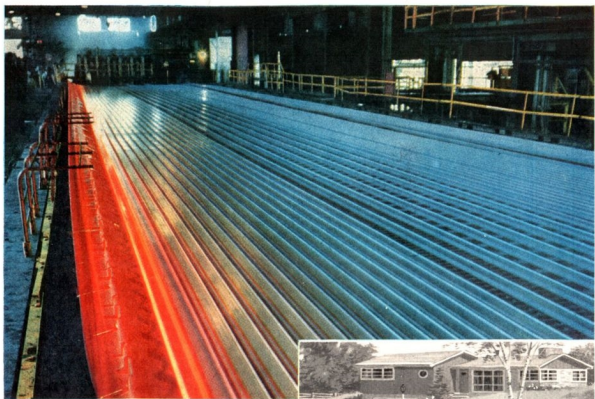


PHOTO BY HARE

Still glowing hot from the rolling mill, these Junior Beams rest on a runout table at J&L's Aliquippa Works

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Long-lasting value and low upkeep are built into your modern home if you use lightweight J&L Junior Beams as floor joists.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Electronic Cupid

With a blinking of lights, a digestion of digits, and melodies played out on a monochromatic scale, the giant electronic brain took over TV last week. The machine proved itself a better matchmaker than odds-maker. Before election night was over, CBS's Univac Babysitter Doug Edwards wearily offered to give his magic brain (estimated cost: \$1,000,000) to Commentator Walter Cronkite for Christmas. But on NBC's popular, 16-year-old stunt show, *People Are Funny* (Sat. 7:30 p.m.), Remington Rand's Univac No. 21



Sid Avery

JOHN CARAN & BARBARA SMITH
It was not the natural thing.

turned Cupid, brought together a flesh-and-blood couple as scientifically selected "ideal marriage mates." It was a clear-cut victory for Univac, hormones and Trendex (which gives *People* a sizable 23.7 rating).

Sex, Politics, Religion. The electronic boy-meets-girl gambit began when self-styled "Master of Informalities" Art Linkletter, 44, read that some 14 million Americans belong to lonely-hearts clubs. Machiavellian M.C. Linkletter, who once put a crocodile in a woman's bathtub, and recently sent a honeymoon couple to Utah to prospect for uranium, called on Dr. Paul Popenoe of Los Angeles' American Institute of Family Relations. Popenoe pointed out that people get married in a haphazard way, then drew up a questionnaire of 32 items that affect marital relations (sex, race, religion, politics, weight, height, pets, drinking, preferences for double or twin beds, etc.). Linkletter put ads in local papers asking people over 21 who hankered for a mate to get in touch with him. To the more than 4,000 who replied, he dispatched the questionnaires.

Then Univac stepped in, sifted and sorted the answers of both sexes, spewed forth a couple of its favorites: John Caran,

28, a Los Angeles adman, and pretty, brown-eyed Barbara Smith, 23, a receptionist. In September the couple saw each other for the first time, before the *People Are Funny* camera, and, boasts Linkletter, "hit it off great."

Ideal Girl. By last week they were holding hands and looking deep into each other's eyes. Said Barbara: "Univac is a pretty good deal." But an old beau disagreed, and next day Linkletter received a message: "Dear Cupid: I come to you asking that equity be done for a grave injustice to me. The girl that might have possibly become my wife was taken by you and Univac and given to another. I therefore request that you bring to me the one ideal girl who can replace the one I lost and make my life whole again." Mused Art: "The least we can do is take his background and run it through the machine. He'll have the equivalent of 3,000 dates in a couple of minutes."

Ignoring her old suitor, Barbara put her trust in the machine, and this week she will announce her engagement to John. Early next year Linkletter will buy the air passage for a Paris honeymoon. "It's not the natural thing," says John, "I'll grant you that. But Univac figured out a lot of things in advance which normally a couple doesn't find out until later." Univac had no comment.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Nov. 15, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Matinee Theater (Thurs. 3 p.m., NBC). Winston Churchill's *Savrola* (1897).

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Dinah Shore, Lily Pons.

NBC Opera (Sun. 2 p.m.). Puccini's *La Bohème*.

Air Power (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). With Walter Cronkite, Eddie Rickenbacker.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). With Elvis Presley.

Steve Allen Show (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Gene Nelson, Duke Ellington.

G.E. Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). With James Dean, Eddie Albert.

Omnibus (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). With Siobhan McKenna.

Bob Hope Chevy Show (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). With Perry Como, Julie London.

Our Mr. Sun (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Frank Capra's new science series.

Bamberger's Thanksgiving Eve Parade (Wed. 7 p.m., ABC). With John Daryl, Nanette Fabray, Emmett Kelly.

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Musical adaptation of *Tom Sawyer*.

RADIO

Bob Hope Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Margaret Whiting, Jack Kirkwood.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Eugene Ormandy.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). Mary Livingstone, Rochester, Dennis Day.



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The Churches and Hungary

Churches the world over reacted with shock and indignation to the Soviet Union's merciless crushing of Hungary. In a dramatic broadcast to both sides of the Iron Curtain, Pope Pius XII condemned the "illegal and brutal repression" and declared that Christians have "a moral obligation to try all permissible means in order that the dignity and freedom of the Hungarian people be restored." In one of the strongest statements of his pontificate, his voice trembling with emotion, he urged free people to "close their ranks as fast as possible and link in a solid public pact all those governments and people which want the world to proceed on the path of the honor and the dignity of the children of God."

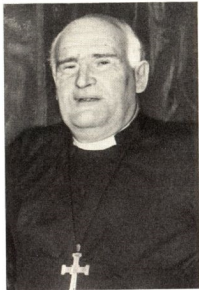
The Pope continued: "Too much blood has been unjustly shed! Too much mourning and slaughter has been suddenly renewed! The slender thread of confidence which had begun to reunite peoples and gave some comfort to souls appears to be broken . . . Can the world disinterest itself in these brothers, abandoning them to a fate of degrading slavery? Let all other problems be set aside . . . Perhaps if nations which sincerely love freedom and peace are united, this will be sufficient to induce those who break the fundamental laws of human understanding to milder counsels."

Churchmen of all faiths seemed ready to agree. Said the World Council of Churches in Geneva: "Christians must stand together with all who, in the struggle for freedom, suffer pain and trial." The National Council of Churches in the U.S. cabled the Russian Orthodox Church, asking it to work for "the avoidance of further bloodshed and oppression."

One of the most moving pleas came from a man who had enjoyed his own freedom less than two weeks—Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński. Preparing to go to Rome to receive his red hat from the Pope (when he was made cardinal in 1953, he did not dare leave Poland for fear that the Communists would not allow him to return), Wyszyński preached his first sermon since his release from Red imprisonment (TIME, Nov. 12). He did not mention Hungary, but his words held bitter accuracy: "We were proud of the 20th century. Yet that first half of the century has brought with it such terrible stains on almost all social, political and state organs that we can truly regard that century as a great disaster, as a slap in the face to a proud man . . ."

"In many states monstrous institutions have been established to rule the people, the very mention of which brings blushes to the face of modern man . . . That suffering which is a stain on modern life in almost all parts of the world now calls out from the depths, from the bottom of the soul, with a great voice, asking for man's right to the truth, to freedom, to some sort of justice, to love."

Wyszyński's parting words showed his anxiety for Poland's future. "Poles can die heroically. A man can only die once and thus quickly cover himself in fame, but our lives are spent in long years of toil, trial and tribulation. That is still more heroic. This is the kind of greater heroism which the present time requires."



ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

On both sides, Christian convictions.

The Churches & Egypt

Religion in Britain often appears subdued and on the decline. Yet the Eden government's intervention in Egypt roused Britain's churches to life and protest as no British government's action since the Boer War. Most of the Protestant clergy—both Established church and non-conformist—took their cue from the Archbishop of Canterbury ("Christian opinion . . . is terribly uneasy and unhappy"). Said the Anglican Bishop of Chichester: "Britain has stood alone in the world before because she upheld moral principles at great cost to herself. But she stands almost alone today because she has acted in direct violation of the moral and legal principles to which she pledged herself."

"Christian people, stop the war," proclaimed a banner at a Free Church Federal Council protest rally in Nottingham. A delegation of British church leaders called at 10 Downing Street, voiced the "deep concern of Christian opinion," and urged a cease-fire (Anthony Eden was too busy to see them). Dr. Donald Soper, fire-eating British Methodist leader who urged refusal to fight, led a protest march through London's West End. Anglican Father Trevor Huddleston, famed for his fight against apartheid in South Africa, called for even stronger condemnation by the churches: "Unless this is done, once again it will be clearly shown that prin-

Glenn Forgan, Division I

banker in a Christmas tree

It might seem strange to find a banker in a "Christmas tree" (the above-ground equipment which controls oil production at the well). For Glenn Forgan, of The First National Bank of Chicago, it's routine. Since 1933, the tall man with the broad smile has been a familiar figure to oil men all over the nation.

Glenn Forgan heads Division I, which finances oil and gas producers. Of his 37 years at our bank, 20 have been devoted to this industry. During this period, Division I has loaned more than a billion dollars to drill, produce, refine, transport, and market oil and gas.

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ciples of power politics count for more than justice, and that Western European civilization has forever forsaken the Christian gospel upon which it was founded."

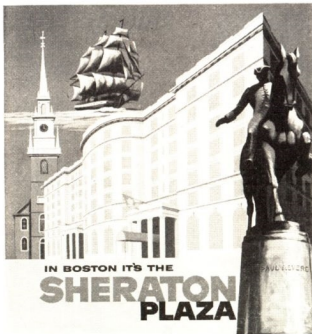
But there were some dissenting voices. Said the Archbishop of York, second ranking prelate in the Church of England: "The policy of the government, no less than the policy of the opposition, can be supported with Christian convictions." Said the Archdeacon of Bath: "If someone over a number of years pinches me and kicks me and bruises me, is it any wonder that I land out and hit him down?"

Mount Sinai to Main Street

The religious movie epic—along with the "religious" pop tune and the Biblical bestseller—is more than ever a part of the U.S. scene. Clergymen have mixed feelings about it. Some see it as a heartening sign of a religious revival, believe that movies can make the stories and sometimes even the spirit of the Bible come alive for otherwise indifferent millions. Other churchmen are appalled to find Scripture reduced to sex and circuses, to see spiritual messages clothed in the well-publicized flesh of Hollywood stars, regard the whole trend as a part of a vulgarization of religion. This week the biggest religious movie ever, Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* (TIME, Nov. 12), opened across the U.S.—and the clergy seemed to be applauding.

Producer DeMille had trouped churches of all denominations to the previews, solicited their comments. Instead of the usual reviewers' blurbs ("Terrific"—Crowther, *New York Times*), Paramount's huge ads could now carry blurbs from churchmen ("Moving"—Spellman, *New York Archdiocese*). The line-up was impressive. Methodist Dr. Ralph Sockman: "It brings the authentic views of the Bible's landscape to the man living on Main Street." Dr. W. A. Criswell of Dallas' First Baptist Church: "We are not the same after we have lived through the experience of following Moses through this picture." Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman: "Stirring film. I was moved."

In Manhattan last week, Producer DeMille made a dramatic announcement: he will turn over all his own profits from the movie "for all time" to a special trust fund to be set up for "charitable, religious and educational purposes." Said he before a civic luncheon audience: "I believe deeply that the Ten Commandments given on Mount Sinai are not laws. They are the law . . . They are the charter and guide of human liberty . . . The struggle between the forces represented by Moses and those represented by Pharaoh is still being waged today. Are men free soul-under God or are they the property of the state? Are men to be ruled by law or by the whims of an individual? . . . We do not bow before giant birds of carved granite or wooden idols with stone eyes, but we have other gods competing with God . . . We may never have bent the knee before the graven image of Hathor, but there is also a graven image in a dollar bill . . . I come here and ask you to use this pic-



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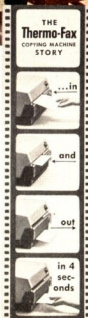
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ture, as I hope and pray that God himself will use it, for the good of the world . . ."

Nonetheless, critics and moralists alike were still not prepared to admit that God had been DeMille's co-producer, still wondered whether in the end the movie would do more for the good of Hollywood than of the world.

The Beauty of Sarah

Genesis describes Sarah, the wife of Abraham, as "very fair," then plunges on in its narrative. With this tempting morsel, readers have been left for centuries to wonder at the beauty that turned



SARAH IN EGYPT
How fair indeed.

Culver

the head of the Pharaoh of Egypt. Last week, with scholarly remoteness from war, Jerusalem's Dr. Yigael Yadin published his latest Dead Sea Scroll translation—part of a document earlier identified as an apocryphal *Book of Genesis* (TIME, Feb. 20). The scroll did justice to Sarah's beauty with an ecstatic, head-to-toe description of her charms:

"And how beautiful the look of her face . . . And how fine is the hair of her head, how fair indeed are her eyes and how pleasing her nose and all the radiance of her face . . . How beautiful her breast and how lovely all her whiteness. Her arms goodly to look upon, and her hands how perfect . . . all the appearance of her hands. How fair her palms and how long and fine all the fingers of her hands. Her legs how beautiful and without blemish her thighs. And all maidens and all brides that go beneath the wedding canopy are not more fair than she. And above all women she is lovely and higher is her beauty than that of them all, and with all her beauty there is much wisdom in her. And the tip of her hands is comely."

The excerpt also describes in greater detail than *Genesis* the terrible plagues that were visited on Pharaoh for taking Sarah. "That night the Most High God sent a pestilential wind to afflict him and all his household, a wind that was evil. And it smote him and all his house and he could not come near her nor did he know her." After two years of this, according to the scroll, not even Sarah's marvelous beauty could sustain the Pharaoh. He restored her to Abraham and sent them both out of Egypt "exceedingly rich in cattle and also in silver and gold."

Words & Works

❑ Communist North Viet Nam published a decree ordering full freedom of religion, thus becoming the first Red nation in Asia to deviate publicly from the Moscow line. The order, said Radio Hanoi, was intended to correct "a mistaken policy of the government in the past." In all likelihood it was also intended to woo back some of the 700,000 Roman Catholics who fled to free South Viet Nam to escape Communist persecution.

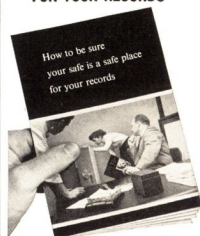
❑ The U.S. Supreme Court rejected a plea that nudism is a religion and therefore entitled to the protection of the Bill of Rights. The case was brought by a nudist group (which claimed that nudists "maintain high and strict moral standards") to challenge an Ohio anti-nudist law.

❑ U.S. churches should re-examine their tax-free status, said Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, president of the National Council of Churches, "before the U.S. may find itself dominated by the wealth of a church or churches, so that at last no alternative but revolution and expropriation will be before the people . . . One of the reasons for what popular support remains for the Communist governments is the people's satisfaction that at least one good thing has been accomplished—the wealth and political domination of the church has been broken."

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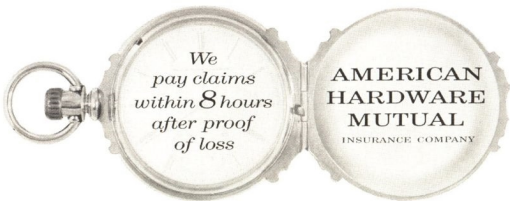


ALL OVER AMERICA, hardware men know the infectious grin—and the good business judgment—of Pete Luedtke. He has owned a successful store of his own in Fairmont, Minnesota for 28 years, and was recently elected president of the National Retail Hardware Association, with 23,000 store-owning members. His service as a director of American Hardware Mutual dates from 1944. Here, he talks shop with Sever Paulson, Paulson Hardware, Hopkins, Minnesota.

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ART



SUTHERLAND'S "ARTHUR JEFFRESS"



BACON'S "STUDY OF HUMAN HEAD"



AUGUSTUS JOHN'S "STRESEMANN"

British Revival

Not in decades have Manhattan museum and gallery-goers witnessed such a heaping helping of British art as is spread out before them this season. The main course, in the Manhattan Museum of Modern Art's "Masters of British Painting" show, is a 150-year survey of 31 artists (see color pages), ranging from the visions of William Blake to the hallucinatory portraits of Francis Bacon, from the landscapes of Turner and Constable to the cool, elegant abstractions of Ben Nicholson and Stanley Spencer's portrayal of a New Jerusalem near his green and pleasant home town of Cookham (TIME, Nov. 21).

Backing up the Modern's show, later to move on to St. Louis and San Francisco, is an exhibit of twelve contemporary British painters and sculptors rounded up by

Manhattan's E. and A. Silberman Galleries, slated for round-the-country museum showings, and a whole parade of one-man and group shows in the galleries. Says Manhattan Gallery Owner Catherine Viviano: "There are great things coming out of England, more exciting and more alive than have been seen in years."

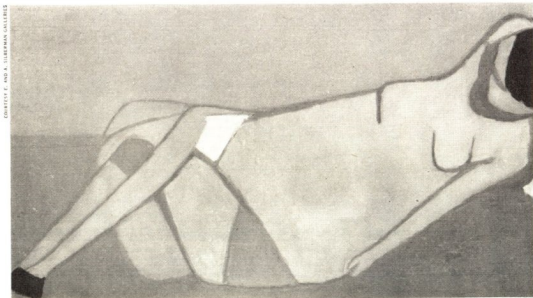
Four for One. Behind the upsurge of interest in British painting is the impressive British performance in recent major international exhibitions. Side by side with the painters is a whole new group of promising sculptors, e.g., Venice Prize-winner Lynn Chadwick, who have followed the pioneering of Britain's one unquestioned artist of world stature, Henry Moore.

As a result, the British revival, which has spread back to 19th century painting and produced a record \$56,000 for a Turner seascape and \$30,000 for a Con-

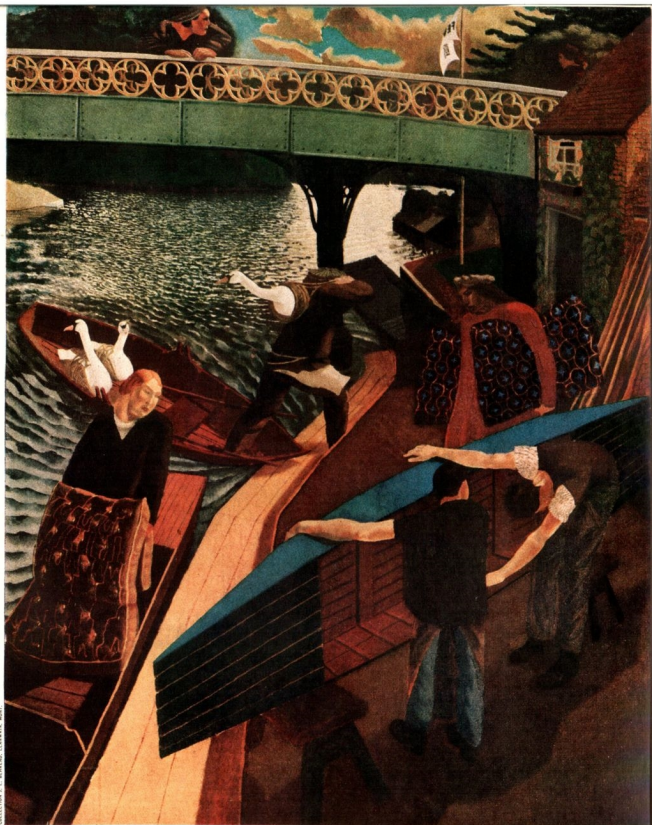
stable in a Manhattan auction last month, has once again made contemporary British art a much-sought-after prize. Manhattan's Galerie Chalette, currently showing eleven British sculptors, has to date sold 19 pieces. Another Manhattan art dealer, who has already plunged heavily in British painting, confidently predicts: "An investment of \$100,000 today in good British art will bring \$400,000 in four years."

Tricks of Light. The birthright of British artists, as their Manhattan showing makes clear, is a love of portraiture and landscape. In the 18th century, Hogarth not only set down with unerring eye the look of crowded London coffee-houses, but portrayed the dissolute Englishman of his day with a skill and fervor far beyond mere pamphleteering and caricature. The talent Gainsborough showed for catching the majesty of England's

WILLIAM SCOTT'S "RED NUDE"

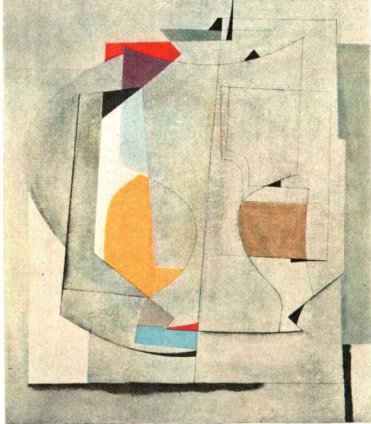


COURTESY E. AND A. SILBERMAN GALLERIES



COLLECTION: J. L. BISHOP, CLARKSON, WASH.

SWAN UPPING, finished by Stanley Spencer in 1910, shows river scene near artist's home town of Cookham, locale Spencer still uses to give flavor to his usually religious themes.



SEPT. 6-53 (AZTEC), by Ben Nicholson, is tasteful abstraction which derives from artist's study of Picasso, Mondrian and other cross-Channel modern art trends.

COLLECTION BARBARA HEPWORTH, ST. IVE'S, CORNWALL

COLLECTION GEOFFREY AGNEW, LONDON

LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE, Land's End, is watercolor done circa 1834 by J.M.W. Turner whose rendering of atmospheric light inspired the Impressionist



landscape became Britain's prime contribution to painting in the hands of his successors: John Constable, who lavished the same care on cloud formations that Italian Renaissance masters gave the nude, and Joseph Mallord William Turner, who analyzed the tricks of light and atmosphere to produce a new, revolutionary art a whole generation ahead of the French impressionists.

Among the modern followers of that tradition, Welsh-born Augustus John gives his portraits of the great a romantic dash and bravura air that raises them far above the cliché level of most Royal Academy official portraits. Dublin-born Francis Bacon with his eerie studies has introduced into portraiture the element of overpowering psychological shock that leaves an echo in the mind like a scream in an empty corridor, and has made Bacon one of the best and most individual artists in Britain today.

Hadrian's Wall. Today an invisible Hadrian's wall still divides British art into a realm of excitable, Celtic imagination that runs from Blake to Bacon on one side and a John Bull love of country, landscape and solid realities concretely rendered on the other. The impact of surrealism unleashed for the late Paul Nash and Graham Sutherland, both admirers of Blake, a freedom of fancy that has led them to the essence and mystery behind the English landscape, just as it inspired Sculptor Moore in his early bone and stone metamorphoses.

Painter Sutherland has also jumped over the wall toward realism in his portraits, including his controversial *Winston Churchill* (TIME, Dec. 13, 1954). An even more direct approach, inspired by the drab realities of postwar Britain, is the young, vigorous "Kitchen Sink" school with painters such as Jack Smith, 28, and Edward Middleditch, 33, taking for their subjects the groceries on a kitchen table, teapots, stoves and even the w.c.

But like their contemporaries elsewhere, most of the younger British painters seem determined to buck all tradition. Veering off on new courses of their own, they plainly show the influence of U.S. abstract expressionists, rated by British critics as a visual equivalent of rock 'n' roll. Prime example is Painter William Scott, 43, now having his first one-man show in Manhattan at the Martha Jackson Gallery. Scott's ominous saucapans owe something to the slick stick school of France's Bernard Buffet (TIME, Feb. 27), just as his segmented, all-red nudes do to Jean Dubuffet's *art brut*. But placed alongside Manhattan's *avant-garde* painting they look right at home.

An even more dramatic example of widening U.S. impact is hearsed, Scottish-born Alan Davie, 35. His discovery of Jackson Pollock in 1948 came as a revelation: "I was amazed to find that I wasn't alone." Davie's recent Manhattan show of his free-form, Druidical abstractions was a near sellout, with eight large paintings snapped up by museums and collectors. Davie's sales in six previous London shows: none.

Woman of the Year

When Upton Sinclair was living in Mary McDowell's stockyards settlement house in Chicago and raking up the muck for his novel *The Jungle*, a trim little (5 ft., 4 in.) woman doctor named Alice Hamilton was living only five miles away in Hull House. Indiana-bred, raised in ease, and educated at Miss Porter's famed school at Farmington, Conn., Alice Hamilton was working at the turn of the century as a bacteriologist by day but did settlement work by night and on weekends. Thus she met countless victims of indus-



James F. Coyne

DR. ALICE HAMILTON
She made hatters less mad.

trial hazards and eventually became the founder of industrial medicine in the U.S. When Dr. Hamilton started out, the A.M.A. had never held a meeting on industrial medicine, and technical papers on it by U.S. doctors were rare (though European work on it filled volumes). There were safeguards of sorts against physical accidents, but for a workman who spent years absorbing a slow but deadly poison, there was little thought. Dr. Hamilton had heard of men choked by carbon monoxide in the steel mills, of men palsied by white lead poisoning, of others disabled by arsenic and cyanides, of men with the "bends." To Alice Hamilton's socialist conscience, all this was outrageous.

Down the Mines. In 1910 she got her chance to do something about it: Illinois' Governor Charles Deneen appointed her to a state commission to investigate "occupational diseases." Her commission did not know where to begin because there was not even an official list of dangerous occupations, so Dr. Hamilton compiled it as she went from factory to factory. She could not demand admittance, but most managers let her in. The woman doctor brashly

invaded the man's world, plowed through unventilated, fume-filled plant after plant. She took air samples, studied the ubiquitous dusts, noted how men did their jobs.

Before the Illinois work was finished, the Federal Government asked Dr. Hamilton to do a similar job. This kept her roving through mine, mill and smelter for a dozen years. She combated the effects of such anciently known poisons as mercury, used by hatters in matting felt and a frequent cause of brain damage (hence, some say, the expression "mad as a hatter"). And she fought ultramodern lethal concoctions—TNT, aniline dyes, picric acid, which stained its workers so yellow that they were dubbed "canaries." She campaigned for ventilation, antitoxic rinses, safeguards of all kinds.

Back to Boston. Spinster Hamilton, long devoted to the causes of woman suffrage and of birth control for the masses, once bitterly chided Boston for opposing woman suffrage longer than Chicago, women doctors longer than New Orleans. But it was from Harvard's medical faculty that she got her greatest honor: as early as 1919 Harvard named her assistant professor in industrial medicine. Crusader Hamilton saw U.S. industry increasingly accept the fact that its workers' health was inseparable from an ever-growing productivity, saw her field broadened beyond the now obvious hazards of poison to include psychological hazards as well.

Now a spry 87 and long retired, Dr. Hamilton is remembered by U.S. medicine. Last week she made a return trip to anti-feminist Boston to gather a little more belated recognition of work that has saved the health and lives of thousands. Her colleagues in the American Medical Women's Association voted her New England's "woman of the year" in medicine.

Viruses & Cancer

Viruses, the smallest of "living" things (actually on the borderline between the animate and inanimate worlds), seek various kinds of higher cells to parasitize, according to their inscrutable, individual natures. What more logical, reasoned researchers, than to find a virus which would seek out cancer cells and thus, while precreating itself, destroy them?

Researchers at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., chose cancer of the cervix to study, picked some odd particles called adenoviruses* to attack the tumors. Last week the N.I.H.'s Dr. Robert J. Huebner gave some preliminary, still tentative results.

Adenoviruses and Coxsackie viruses (which cause a disease like nonparalytic polio) grown in cancer cells could, when injected directly into cervical cancers, cause the tumor to shrink and arrest the bleeding which troubled the patients. But

* A newly coined name for viruses which cause upper respiratory infections somewhere between the common cold and influenza.

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they had no effect on the course of the disease: cancer cells on the edges of the tumor mass continued to proliferate and soon killed the patient. But when the researchers grew human-type cancers in rats, they found that successive generations of the virus developed an increasing ability to kill cancer cells. Next step: to test the selectively bred viruses in human subjects, to see whether they have more lasting tumor-destroying powers.

Five years after the cobalt-60 machine went into operation for cancer treatment at London, Ont., Dr. Ivan Smith evaluated its advantages: it is best in cancer of the larynx, least effective in lung cancer; it gives more relief in several other forms of cancer than ordinary X rays; though it "has not revolutionized the treatment of cancer," cobalt 60 is a boon because it does less damage to healthy skin and bone, is less likely to cause radiation sickness.

Pathologist's Report

The carabinieri dragging the bottom of Lake Orta on the Swiss-Italian border in June 1950 were looking for the body of a man who had been dead six years. It seemed unlikely that they would succeed. But from the lake's cold, glacier-fed depths came a corpse in what looked like surprisingly good repair. Legal delays prevented its examination for four days, and in those days it suffered more visible change than it had during its long immersion. Even so, the U.S. Army's Pathologist Walter Lentino was able to make some positive identifications:

♂ Sex: external organs missing, but absence of internal female organs and presence of a piece of stubble-bearded skin on the neck clinched it as male.

♂ Height: 6 ft. 2 in. Race: white (from the hair).

♂ Age: from bone formations and skull sutures, middle or early 40s.

♂ Length of immersion: more than one year, because the flesh had undergone saponification, i.e., turned soft and soaplike, a process that takes twelve to 18 months.

♂ Conclusive identification: a funnel-chest deformity, analysis of teeth and fillings.

♂ Criminal evidence: two bullets in the skull.

Thanks to these findings, the body was identified as that of Major William V. Holohan, 40, the OSS agent who had mysteriously disappeared during a mission far behind the enemy lines in December 1944.* What fascinated Pathologist Lentino, as he now reports in the *A.M.A. Journal*, was the amazing state of preservation of the internal organs. As his trained eye looked at the organs, though they were six years dead, it was simple for him to identify instantly the stomach and heart, liver and spleen. But when he took

♂ Three Italians were tried for murder but released by Italian courts; two U.S. Armymen, Aldo Icardi and Carl LoDolce, were convicted by Italy *in absentia* but cannot be extradited for punishment, nor can they be tried for the crime in the U.S.



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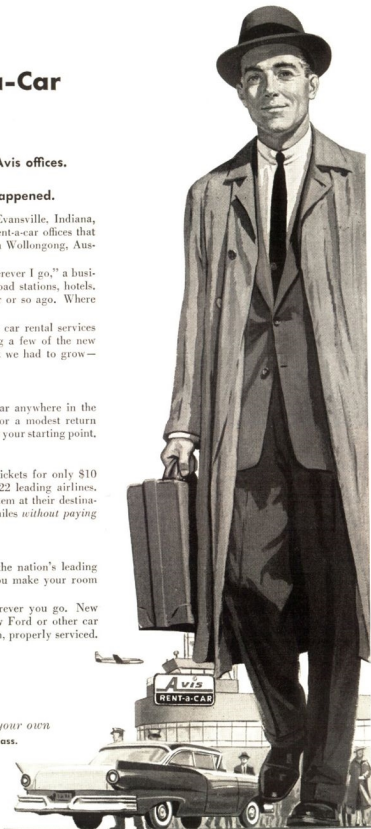
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Write for Free Dress Chart by BERT BACHARACH, nation's foremost authority on men's fashions. AFTER SIX FORMALS, DEPT. E, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

specimens of them for laboratory examination, the microscope showed that the tissues (normally complex and distinctive) had disintegrated. There was no way to tell, from a microscopic examination of the tissues alone, what had been heart or what had been liver.

Dr. Lentino's conclusion: more crimes might be solved if doctors studied how long it takes for different tissues to disintegrate in water and made up a timetable, to show how long a body has been immersed. A major problem is that few of the world's waters are as cold and pure as Lake Orta's.

Texas Tumor

Of all human diseases, few produce more fantastic results than a cystic tumor of the ovary: as it fills with fluid, such a tumor may grow to monstrous proportions. The archives are inconclusive as to the biggest tumor ever recorded, but last week Dr. Dan H. Eames Jr. of La Marque, Texas achieved an unquestioned record of the size of a tumor removed intact: 184 lbs.

The patient, a 42-year-old woman, had trouble squeezing through the doors of Surgeon Eames's clinic. Dr. Eames faced a hard decision. One school of surgeons holds that it is too dangerous to remove a big tumor intact because this may throw the patient into shock; another holds that it is more dangerous to drain the tumor first and then remove the husk, because fluid containing malignant cells may spill into the abdominal cavity. Surgeon Eames decided to run the risk of shock, try to get the tumor out unbroken and undrained.

Easier said than done. His first 3-ft. incision along the woman's abdomen was not enough. He had to make a T-shaped incision and fold back huge flaps of abdominal wall. Then he was able to roll out the tumor—a purplish, egg-shaped mass almost 3 ft. long. The patient's circulation faltered only for a moment when she was rolled onto her back. Now Dr. Eames told the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecologists, she is back in the fields as a migrant harvest hand.

MILESTONES

Died. Arthur ("Art") Tatum, 46, beefy, almost-blind jazz piano master (*Tea for Two*, *Wee Baby Blues*, *Sweet Lorraine*), who knew and played classical piano as well as he did boogie, worked out a complex, polyrhythmic style somewhere in between, backed it up with a technique considered the best in jazz; of uremia; in Los Angeles. Jazzman Tatum slugged down enormous quantities of beer as he played, preferred to solo ("A band hampers me"). The late, great Fats Waller once commented: "That Tatum... is just too good."

Died. Robert James Woods, 52, chunky co-founder (in 1935) with the late Lawrence D. Bell (*TIME*, Oct. 29) of Bell Aircraft Corp., who designed the X-1 jet, the first plane to fly faster than sound (at Murco, Calif., in 1947), of a heart attack; in Grand Island, N.Y.

Died. Victor Young, 56, composer who wrote the scores for more than 300 films (*Around the World in 80 Days*, *The Quiet Man*, *Shane*), turned out song hits (*Sweet Sue*, *Ghost of a Chance*) on the side; of a heart attack; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. Paul Kelly, 57, longtime (since 1907) Broadway actor, who played opposite Helen Hayes in *Penrod* (1918), turned to Hollywood in 1926, was convicted of manslaughter (1927) after Actor Ray Raymond died when Kelly slugged him during a quarrel over Raymond's wife, Actress Dorothy Mackaye. Kelly married Actress Mackaye in 1931 (she died after a car crash in 1940) after serving 25 months in San Quentin, later returned to Broadway, won the Donaldson and Perry awards for *Command Decision* (1947-48), starred in *The Country Girl* (1950-51); of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. Marshall Field III, 63, burly, silver-haired multimillionaire philanthropist, New Dealing magazine (*Parade*) and newspaper (New York's defunct *PM*, Chicago's *Sun-Times*) publisher and rich man's grandson; after brain surgery; in Manhattan. Chicago-born Marshall Field was educated at Eton and Cambridge, never learned to bear comfortably the estimated \$168,000,000 he inherited from nail-hard department store Tycoon Marshall Field I, once said: "If I cannot make myself worthy of three square meals a day I don't deserve them." Rich Boy Field won a captaincy and a Silver Star in World War I, for a few years half-heartedly played the playboy, gradually began to spend more and more of his time giving his money away (among recipients of the Field fortune: Chicago's Hull House and Museum of Natural History, the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society).

Died. Harry Ford ("Sincro") Sinclair, 80, poker-faced ordent Kansas pharmacist who parlayed \$5,000 in insurance money (awarded after he shot off a toe while rabbit-hunting) into a successful string of wildcat oil wells, lost a wad (1914-15) trying to establish a third major baseball league, by 1916 founded the Sinclair Oil & Refining Co., bought a string of racehorses (his Zev won the 1923 Kentucky Derby), in 1922 leased the Navy's Teapot Dome oil reserve in Wyoming from Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall; in Pasadena, Calif. Buoyant Harry Sinclair survived when Teapot Dome blew up in a scandal (he was acquitted in 1928 of conspiracy with Fall, served six and a half months for refusing to answer Senate investigators, having his jurors shadowed), went right on making millions, until 1949 actively controlled Sinclair Oil Corp. (total 1955 assets: \$1,250,125,000).



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BUSINESS



SCUTTLED SHIPS IN SUEZ CANAL
It all depends on who does the unplugging.

Pierre Boulat—Luz

STATE OF BUSINESS Ike and the Future

U.S. businessmen took Dwight D. Eisenhower's re-election in stride and with renewed confidence got set for increased plant expansion, rising production and sales.

With steel capacity scheduled to hit an annual rate of nearly 132 million tons by the first of the year, Inland Steel's President Joseph L. Block predicted capacity operations for his company "for at least the next six months." Auto production jumped another 22,000 cars and trucks last week to a total 155,000 units as more factories went on overtime in anticipation of greater sales. Retailers, whose 1956 business for the first nine months is 3% better than last year, saw an even greater increase during the fourth quarter.

Before the New York Society of Security Analysts, 35 topflight economists and businessmen gave a picture of what the U.S. can expect in the next few years.

¶ Said Harvard Economist Sumner H. Slichter: "The boom and bust cycles of industry have been greatly reduced. When the auto industry made the mistake of accumulating too large inventories, the effects on the economy were remarkably small."

¶ Said Alcoa President I. W. Wilson: "In 1957, we feel that demand will be somewhat greater than in 1956." Aluminum capacity will hit 2,500,000 tons annually by 1958.

¶ Said A.T. & T. Treasurer John J. Scanlon: "Telephone service for U.S. homes will grow from 74% of the homes this year to 80% by 1960, possibly as high as 85% by 1965."

¶ Said Cerro de Pasco Corp. President Robert P. Koenig: "An increase in free world copper consumption from 3,500,000 short tons to 4,700,000 tons may be expected by 1965."

Consensus: the boom will continue.

OIL How to Lick a Shortage

As the fighting tapered off in the Middle East last week (see FOREIGN NEWS), the oilmen of the free world faced up to a huge problem: How can the West be supplied with all the oil it needs? Some 25% of the free world's oil—and 80% of Western Europe's supply—has been coming from the oilfields of the Middle East. Last week, as a result of bombing, sabotage and plain self-defense, the flow of some 1,700,000 bbls. out of total export production of 2,600,000 bbls. a day had been cut off or disrupted, at least temporarily, and the prospects were that the flow of a few hundred thousand more barrels might be cut off.

¶ Egypt's Suez Canal, which channels 1,200,000 bbls. daily to Europe from Persian Gulf fields, has been completely

closed. The hulks of at least 15 vessels (including the dredges and some of the biggest salvage ships), most of them scuttled by the Egyptians, clog the waterway. The El Firdan railway bridge also has collapsed into the canal. Most optimistic estimate for clearing the canal: more than a month. Says one shipping expert: "It all depends on who is going to do the unplugging. If it's a crash program under the Americans, it might take six weeks. If it's the British and French, it might take three months. If it's the Egyptians, the job may never be done."

¶ Britain's Iraq Petroleum pipeline, running from Iraq to the Mediterranean, has been blown up in so many places in Syria that its 500,000-bbl. daily flow has been completely shut off. If and when Britain resumes diplomatic relations with Syria, Britain may be able to pump oil at 40% capacity by using stations in Iraq; restoring the line to full capacity may take six months or longer.

¶ Trans-Arabian Pipe Line Co. (100% U.S. owned), which pumps 350,000 bbls. daily from Arabian-American Oil Co. fields to the Mediterranean, is still operating. But last week the Saudi Arabian government ordered Aramco to suspend all shipments to Britain and France, thus depriving them of some 35,000 bbls. daily by way of the pipeline, another 110,000 bbls. daily loaded on tankers in the Persian Gulf.

¶ Rations & Noses. All told, Western Europe has only enough oil on hand for five weeks. To conserve it, Great Britain has already started rationing oil by cutting consumer supplies 10% at the distributor level; France began rationing gasoline by restricting all pleasure travel and tourism. Other European nations are also feeling the pinch.

Some oilmen expect the oil-rich Arab nations to come to terms soon and get the oil flowing again, since they are losing heavily. Iraq is losing about \$450,000 daily



WORLD'S BIGGEST TANKER
She takes the short way home.

Mainichi Shimbun

TIME CLOCK

because it cannot move its oil, has had to cut production at its Kirkuk field drastically: Syria sacrifices \$50,000 daily in pipeline earnings alone; Saudi Arabia gets an estimated 85% of its income from oil (some \$290 million in 1955). On the other hand, as one old Middle East hand grumbled last week, "You can never really depend on the Arabs' not hurting themselves. They're always biting off their nose to spite their face."

Nevertheless, most oilmen are sure that Europe can get all the oil it needs from other sources. In a pinch, the U.S., which has some 285 million bbls. of oil in storage and an unused production capacity of another 2,000,000 bbls. daily, could supply all the oil Western Europe needs in the immediate future. One plan under consideration is for the U.S. to help ease the European shortage by diverting its own Middle Eastern oil imports of 350,000 bbls. daily to Europe and boosting U.S. production 400,000 bbls. daily (current daily production: 7,100,000 bbls.). Another is for oil companies to switch customers and, despite the embargo, ship oil to Britain from the oil-producing sheikdoms of Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar, all British protectorates. Kuwait oil normally goes largely to Germany, some Aramco oil to England. If these were reversed, the embargo would hardly be noticed. One problem is that any shift in oil purchases will be expensive, will draw down Europe's dollar balances.

Around the Tip. The greatest problem confronting the West is not so much oil itself as how to get it to Europe. While Texas oilmen could easily boost production, the pipelines to the Gulf Coast and other ports are already pumping close to capacity, would require several months to boost output appreciably. A far more pressing problem is the tankers. For the short term, oilmen think that enough tankers could be rerouted to supply the extra oil by carrying it from the U.S. to Europe and bypassing the Suez Canal for Middle East oil by skirting the tip of Africa.

But any long-term Middle East crisis would bring grave problems, since the free world tanker fleet of 2,659 vessels would not be able to keep up with the soaring oil demand if the canal and pipelines stay closed. For most oilmen, the long-range solution to the Middle East oil problem is a huge fleet, possibly as many as 300 supertankers, each grossing 60,000 deadweight tons and up, which would bypass the Suez Canal. The Maritime Commission is considering a big new program to build 31 more tankers, including three mammoth 100,000-ton supertankers, four more in the 60,000-ton class. All told, the ships would cost some \$500 million. Japan, Germany and Great Britain are also building new fleets of bigger tankers. Japan has recently completed a mammoth 84,730-ton tanker, the *Universe Leader*, for National Bulk Carriers Inc., which is expected to carry oil from the Persian

ATLAS ICBM will be test-fired within 18 months. Convair plans to launch its intercontinental missile (range: 5,000 miles) from Patrick Air Force Base, Fla. into Caribbean and Atlantic firing range.

AMERICAN COAL SHIPPING Inc., the export combine of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers, seven mine operators and three coal-hauling railroads (TIME, Oct. 15) will buy control of Bull Lines' 15-ship fleet for \$45 to \$50 million. Pending approval by Federal Maritime Board, shipping company will use eleven Bull C-2 dry-cargo carriers to ship coal to Europe, perhaps South America and Japan.

BIG U.S. CATTLE SALE is being negotiated with Mexican buyers to give cash relief to drought-hit U.S. ranchers. Mexico got \$5,000,000 loan from U.S. Export-Import Bank to buy about 40,000 beef and dairy cattle. Two buying teams from south of border are touring Texas now.

TRADING-STAMP TAX, passed by North Dakota Legislature to discourage stamp giveaways, was thrown out by state's stamp-hungry voters in first popular referendum on issue. Two-thirds of electorate voted against annual tax of \$6,000 on each merchant issuing stamps.

CARIBBEAN TRAVEL BOOM will send 1,250,000 tourists to West Indies this winter, up 48% from 1951. Area's dollar income from tourists this season will exceed \$162 million.

PAPER MERGER of Long-Bell lumber empire with huge International Paper Co. is being challenged by Federal Trade Commission. FTC complains International is already world's biggest papermaker (1955 sales: almost \$800 million), would lessen competition, tend to monopoly in Western states by adding Long-Bell, which is second largest lumber producer in Pacific-Northwest, one of top U.S.

Gulf on the shorter voyage east to California after it has completed its current run from Sumatra. In Germany, Esso's subsidiary has seven 46,000 deadweight ton tankers on order, while in Britain, Royal Dutch Shell has changed its order for nine 32,500-ton tankers into an order for three 60,000-ton ships, two of 46,000 tons, and four of 38,000 tons.

New tankers will be a long time coming, since most of the world's shipyards are already crammed with hulls and booked far into the future. Only costly U.S. yards have some reserve capacity. Thus it will be five years or more before a big new fleet of supertankers will go into operation. After they do slide down the ways (current orders total 673 vessels) and get to work at sea, the free world may well find itself largely independent of the Suez Canal.

plywood producers. But deal, with International paying \$117 million in stock for Long-Bell, can be halted only if FTC hearing next February produces stop order.

FREIGHT RATE HIKE sought by U.S. railways will be opposed by representatives of 21 Midwestern, Southeastern states in Interstate Commerce Commission hearings. Opponents claim railroads' requested 15% rate increase will cost shippers \$1,250,000,000 a year.

MEMPHIS POWER PLANT to take place of proposed \$107 million Dixon-Yates plant (TIME, July 25, 1955) will be financed through \$154 million revenue bond issue by City of Memphis. Wall Street's Salomon Bros. & Hutzler heads marketing syndicate, expects to have bonds on sale before Jan. 1. Memphis' steam electric plant will generate 812,500 kw., start operating in mid-1958.

NEW AEC POLICY will permit test reactors to be built by private industry for first time. AEC wants U.S. business, not Government, to build and operate reactors needed by industry to test parts of other reactors. AEC now operates nation's only two test reactors, but will not lease them to industry if private reactors are available. Negotiating with AEC to build test reactors are AMF Atomics Ltd. and Battelle Memorial Institute.

EL PASO NATURAL GAS will take over Pacific Northwest Pipeline (TIME, Nov. 5), exchange 14 shares of a new common "B" stock for eight common shares of Pacific Northwest. If stockholders approve, deal will make El Paso largest natural-gas supplier in U.S., give it unlimited supply of dry gas from reserves in San Juan Basin on Colorado-New Mexico border plus Pacific Northwest's future dry-gas supplies from Westcoast Transmission's Peace River field in Canada. Combined assets of both companies: \$1.1 billion.

HIGH FINANCE

Wolf Trap

For three weeks the governors of the Toronto Stock Exchange had been investigating the gyrations in the stock of a little steel company named Chatco Steel Products Ltd. Last week the exchange ordered trading in the stock stopped "to protect the interests of American investors"—supposedly the small, unknown investors who had bought the shares through high-pressure salesmen in the U.S. But this was only part of the story.

The surprising fact was that the ban on trading had not been necessary to protect the unknowing American investors. Few, if any, of them had lost money on the stock. In fact, they could have made a lot. Those who had lost money—and stood to lose a great deal more—were the hard-

MINIATURIZATION

How to Grow Bigger By Growing Smaller

It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.

—Samuel Johnson—1763

TODAY, nearly 200 years later, U.S. industry has coined a clumsy but descriptive 20th century word for Essayist Johnson's 18th century goal: miniaturization. As never before, businessmen are "studying little things," and through them, learning to accomplish more and more with ever-smaller, but enormously more efficient, machines.

Nowhere has the miniaturization trend brought greater rewards than in electronics. In place of old-style vacuum tubes, science has developed miniature tubes and tiny transistors no bigger than a shoelace tip to perform most of the same functions (TIME, March 12). The soldered-wire mazes of pre-war radio sets are giving way to electronic circuits printed on blotter-thin panels. Electric motors have shrunk to the size of a man's thumb, delicate gyroscopes to the size of a bottle stopper.

Thus far, miniaturization's greatest advances have been the result of military necessity. "Without miniaturization," says Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, Chief of Naval Research, "much of the electronics equipment now in ships and planes and many of the Navy's newest weapons would be impossible." Miniaturized computers, radar sets, fire-control mechanisms and radios are the heart of every U.S. jet bomber and fighter. Today's war planes are controlled by little black boxes so compact that to service a unit, Air Force mechanics simply remove the box, install a new one.

For its deadly Falcon air-to-air guided missile, Hughes Aircraft Co. has squeezed a guidance system equal to five TV sets into a space 6 in. by 10 in. World War II's 200-lb. automatic pilot is obsolete; a new model weighs only 75 lbs. and performs six times as many functions. One item on the way: a small automatic pilot for helicopters, which are so difficult to fly that pilots sometimes pray for an extra hand. U.S. Time Corp., which makes 400 tiny gyroscopes a month for guided missiles, is working on a plan to combine them with servomotors to control the bucking whirlybirds with a miniature autopilot.

In automation, says a Bell Telephone Laboratories executive, miniaturization makes possible the tiny servo-mechanisms, i.e., electronic brains, which, built into machines, direct all their operations, automatically correct their errors.

Scientists at Barnes Engineering Co. have developed an automated lathe that obediently turns out a variety of parts by following the coded instructions printed on a tape, which in turn direct a servo-mechanism system. Says International Business Machines' Director of Applied Science Dr. Cuthbert C. Hurd: "If we don't have miniaturization, we'd soon have plants measuring ten miles by ten miles."

Dozens of industries are already well aware of the lesson. To handle the vast increase in telephones and calls, for example, American Telephone & Telegraph Co. must make its equipment smaller or choke on its own wires. The complex long-distance "carrier" equipment which transmits as many as 1,800 separate conversations over the same pair of cables once filled a 20 ft. by 30 ft. building; this year, telephone companies have cut the carrier to the size of a kitchen icebox, will soon have one for rural systems as small as a police call box.

The miniaturization of the future will make today's Lilliputian marvels seem huge by comparison. A hint of the advances to come is Project Vanguard to fire an earth satellite high into outer space; all the instruments in the satellite itself total only 10.5 lbs., include a radio transmitter that weighs only 13 oz. Beyond today's transistors, the Air Force's civilian scientists are working on an even tinier device called a Cryotron, which looks like a wire sliver with another wire coiled around it. Because a Cryotron duplicates many of the functions of both transistors and vacuum tubes, yet is so small that 40 will fit on a 3-in. pencil stub, scientists think they will some day be able to cram what is now a giant electric brain into a single cubic foot of space.

Miniaturization will in time spread through civilian U.S. life. Americans already have vest pocket radios and virtually invisible hearing aids. Soon they will have battery-operated portable TV sets, and miniature hi-fi sets; automaten see the day when miniature radar sets will prevent collisions, when every motorist will have a transistorized two-way radio to keep him in instant communication with traffic-control centers. In the 18th century, Miniaturization Prophet Johnson wrote that "there is nothing too little for so little a creature as man." The U.S. of 1956 has taken him at his word.

eyed professional speculators on Toronto's Bay Street who had committed one of the mortal sins of speculation: they had been "caught short" in Chatco stock. They had sold thousands of shares of the stock in hopes that it would fall and they could pick it up later at a cheaper price for delivery to the buyer.

Summed up a government securities expert: "It's the first time in years that anything like this has happened here. I've read in books about markets being cornered, but I've never seen it. This is the classic situation. This is a corner and the short sellers have been caught in it."

"\$15 by Christmas." The short sellers' problems began last June, when Chatco's President Harold S. Shannon decided to shift Chatco from its unprofitable steel contract business into the production of air conditioners, truck bodies, etc. To get cash, Chatco sold 100,000 new shares, at \$4.50 a share, to four New York and Montreal investors who took control of the company, Robert C. Leonhardt, president of Manhattan's McGrath Securities Corp., an over-the-counter brokerage firm, was elected chairman of the board.

Shortly after, U.S. over-the-counter firms began pushing Chatco stock, predicting that Chatco, then selling at about \$9, "will hit \$15 by Christmas." As Chatco rose to 15, the Toronto Stock Exchange was besieged by U.S. calls for quotes on the price, and began to investigate, suspecting the stock was being rigged.

Down & Up. As rumors spread on Bay Street that the Toronto Stock Exchange would probably suspend Chatco, the speculators sold thousands of shares short, figuring that the suspension would knock down the price of Chatco as it did Great Sweet Grass Oils only three weeks before (TIME, Nov. 5). But the short sellers made one big mistake: they failed to realize that Chatco has only 160,000 shares outstanding. Shannon owned about 36,000 shares, and the Leonhardt interests a big chunk of the rest, leaving few shares around for trading. When the suspension was announced, the stock dropped from 16 1/2 to 10, but only for a few hours. The Leonhardt interests began to buy, and it started up again, causing some shorts to panic and buy in order to cover their commitments, thus sending the stock up.

By week's end Chatco was up to a new high of 19 and still climbing. The Toronto Stock Exchange was besieged by the short sellers, pleading for it to arbitrate a fair price at which the stock might be traded and they could settle their short sales. But it gave no indication that it would. It looked as if the wolves in Toronto had been sheared by the smarter wolves in Wall Street.

INSURANCE

Paying the Highway Toll

The 40 million U.S. car owners who already spend \$3 billion yearly on auto liability insurance will soon have to pay about \$400 million more. Speaking for three of the biggest casualty companies—State Farm Mutual, Allstate, Nationwide Mutual—General Manager Vestal Lemmon



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of the National Association of Independent Insurers said: "Before the end of the year the western half of the country will see substantial increases. It may be the second quarter of 1957 before they get to the eastern areas." Another top-rate-making group, the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters (Aetna Casualty, Travelers, U.S. Fidelity & Guaranty), had already tipped its hand with a request for a 23% increase in Oklahoma.

The companies say that very few of them are making money this year. In 1956, despite an overall premium increase, the companies are heading into the red. State Farm Mutual, No. 1 U.S. auto insurance company (4,600,000 policies) expects to wind up with a \$7 million to \$10 million operating loss (v. a 1955 underwriting profit of \$14.8 million); Allstate (Sears, Roebuck), just broke even in the first half of 1956 (v. an \$11 million underwriting profit last year).

Generous Juries. The industry loss stemmed from the gain in highway accidents, which so far in 1956 added up to 8% more fatalities, 5% to 10% more accidents. But the accident increase only started the process; it is what happens after the accident that has caused most of the skyrocketing costs. The price of repairing battered cars and compensating maimed humans has shot up; claims now cost an average 41% more to settle than they did five years ago. A smashed fender that once could be replaced by a simple, curved piece of metal now involves large molded panels with sculptured lights. The bumper that cost \$5 in 1949 now costs \$50. In the good old days of divided windshields, the company could put in a new unit for \$25. Adjusters expect the 1957 wraparound type will cost around \$125. State Farm Vice President Thomas Morrill says that windshield replacements account for about 50% of claims filed under comprehensive policies, adds: "Many people, as soon as they get a little nick in the windshield, rush out and get a new one. There are a lot of nicks in windshields these days, and the problem of glass breakage is becoming acute." Two-toned paint jobs, rear ends that have reared up into expensive units, swooping chrome, power brakes and steering, windows and seats—all these have increased body repair costs.

Juries, particularly soft-hearted where the insurance companies pay the bill, have upped accident awards for personal injuries from an average of \$3,490 to \$11,576, or 231% since 1940; since mid-1955 alone, Nationwide has experienced a 43% rise in jury judgments. In ten years the highest verdict awarded in Los Angeles jumped from \$33,000 to \$156,000; there are instances of awards of \$86,000 for a broken hip, \$100,000 for losing a toe. Insurance companies find themselves increasingly liable for such ephemeral damages as plaintiffs' mental anguish, e.g., a Southwestern woman who merely witnessed an auto accident that left her untouched, even forced a company to pay her \$50,000 on the claim (disputed by two

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Business Photo Methods Division
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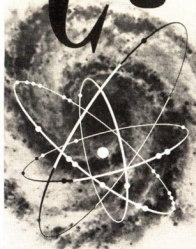


Kodak
TRADE MARK

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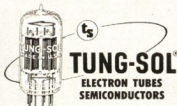
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Cu



Symbol for copper . . . the element whose high heat conductivity makes it ideal for the grids in electron tubes.

Just as Cu is the accepted symbol for copper, so Tung-Sol represents the highest quality production of electron tubes to volume requirements. This faculty is a major reason why Tung-Sol is America's largest independent electron tube manufacturer.



Tung-Sol Electric Inc., Newark 4, N. J.
Manufacturers of Automotive and Electronic Components.



FARMER PATRICK'S FORD RANCHERO
Also 6,000 chickens and 1,000 pecan pies.

eminent obstetricians) that the sight caused her to have a miscarriage.

Growing Problem. Biggest burden by far is the unmarried, under-25 male driver. Companies charge the under-25 males 2½ times the premiums they charge those over 25, yet wind up losing money. e.g., Nationwide Mutual lost \$2,147,000 on this group in 1955. For, while the under-25 male group amounts to only 11.5% of all drivers, it racked up 34% of all Nationwide bodily injury claims last year, and its accidents were one-third more costly to settle than the average.

Last week, even though it expected approval of its requests for an increase, the auto insurance industry still sounded like an industry with trouble. So long as the number of accidents continues to increase, the policy writers who base their rates on the previous year's experience, would stay a year behind.

AGRICULTURE

Develop & Expand

As a 14-year-old student at a high school in Quitman, Ga., Farm Boy Wesley Patrick got a class project—the care of a gilt and a boar. He did so well that he won second prize at a local swine show. Much encouraged, Patrick asked his vocational agriculture teacher how he might get into full-time farming. Advised Teacher Drawdy Willis: "Develop and expand."

Patrick developed and expanded so fast that the 382,000 members of the Future Farmers of America named him the 1956 "Star Farmer of America," and successor to 1955's winner, Joe Moore of Tennessee (TIME, Oct. 24, 1955). This week, in celebration, Patrick's Brooks County farmer friends held a giant barbecue for him (6,000 chickens, 1,000 pecan pies). The Ford Motor Co. got into the act, picked up the food tab, gave Patrick one of its new combination pickup truck and passenger cars which the company will start producing for the farm trade next month.

Since he won his gilt and boar prizes, Wes Patrick's success pattern has been sure and steady. Even before his June 1953 high-school graduation, he persuaded his father to let him work part of the family farm, planted six acres of oats and crimson clover, planted ten acres of sweet potatoes and corn and marketed ten hogs. He finished the first year by copping

county awards in corn production and winter grazing. In 1953, after his father, Paul Patrick, 53, had moved to another farm, Wes bought the 130-acre family farm for \$10,400, promising to pay in installments.

Wes put in cotton, oats, tobacco, 55 acres of corn, put some land in pasture, and steadfastly brushed off his family's insistence that he go to college. (He finally went, stayed a quarter, then quit.) He pushed a soil-conservation program, fenced the farm, terraced the land and planted good, soil-building cover crops; soon he had a well-managed farm with a net worth of \$17,145. Said his old teacher: "He's not an exceptional fellow, but he's eager to learn and determined to be the best farmer in the whole country. For its size, his farm is one of the best-run anywhere."

BUSINESS ABROAD

East German Recovery

Rolling into Germany with salvage crews and empty freight cars, the Soviet conquerors of 1945 carted off everything of value. To Mother Russia went East Germany's largest factories, her atom scientists, aircraft designers and skilled laborers, goods worth \$12 billion. But in 1950 the Reds decided that instead of taking out what little was left, they would let East Germany build up again and then drain off the profits. This experiment has paid off handsomely for Moscow, made East Germany the Kremlin's lustiest satellite. Last week East German production had increased to such a level that the government announced it will cut the work week from 48 hours to 45, which might also help pacify any rebellious workers.

Cut Rates & Copying. East Germany gets few benefits from its recovery. Its best products are for export only, some 80% of its trade is with the Soviet bloc. Russia alone takes 47% of her exports of machinery, electrical equipment and optical instruments, reportedly at cut-rate prices set by the Soviets. East Germans say their steel production is up to 2,000,000 tons, brown coal up to 200 million tons, electricity up to 29 billion kw-hr for 1955, all double the 1936 output and way ahead of the wartime peak in 1943. Western authorities tend to accept these statistics, admit that the industrious Germans

Wausau Story

IN MINNESOTA

land of 10,000 lakes

as reported by BARBARA FLANAGAN
Feature writer,
Minneapolis Star and Tribune

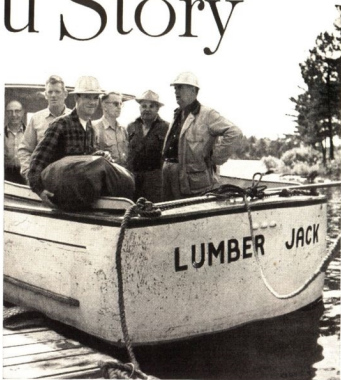


"I expected this story to be about the people who live 'next door' in the neighboring state of Wisconsin. Especially in Wausau, that city of good neighbors. There's where I'd find out how Employers Mutuals people won the enviable reputation of being 'good people to do business with.'

"I found out . . . but not 'next door.' Right here in Minnesota we have Employers Mutuals people. From one end of the state to the other, I saw them working in the capable, friendly, truly neighborly 'Wausau Way.'

"Don Stenberg will tell you that. He worked on electric high lines for a Minneapolis contractor, an Employers Mutuals policy holder. An accident two years ago left Don permanently paralyzed from the waist down. 'That's the situation,' Don says. 'I've got to overcome it.' And that's what he's doing . . . with ingenuity, pluck and a full measure of help and understanding from Employers Mutuals people."

"Don repairs electrical appliances in the workshop of his home in Rochester. Believe me, he's a whiz. He built a special lawnmower so he can cut his own grass, rigged up his car so he can drive it himself. His next project is an elevator!"



"In summer, a boat takes Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company men and an Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer to a safety meeting at one of the isolated pulpwood camps on Lake of the Woods. In winter, they go to meetings on snowshoes. Either way, they get there because accidents can be prevented by having timbermen understand why and how they should use safety appliances and protective gear. Employers Mutuals insures about 77% of all forest products activity in Minnesota."

"From horseshoes to aviation snips. Both products are made by the Diamond Calk Horseshoe Company at Duluth. Here Elmer Swanson, veteran employee, shows both products to Russ Hammond, Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer. To my amazement, I learned Diamond Calk is paying a lower rate on workmen's compensation insurance today than they paid in 1923 when they became an Employers Mutuals policy holder. How come? By reducing accidents. For example, a safety program has practically eliminated eye injuries. And down go insurance rates. Good business, isn't it?"

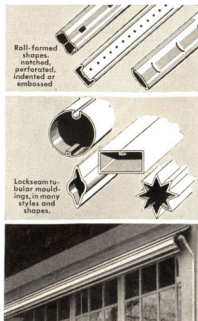


Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do business with"



Roll-formed shapes: notched, perforated, indented or embossed

Lockseam tubular mouldings, in many styles and shapes.

Metal awnings, rolling doors, etc., made from interlocking roll formed slats.

1001 Things Now being done by COLD-ROLL FORMING

The basic function of a Yoder cold roll forming machine is, of course, to convert flat rolled strip or sheets at high speed into mouldings, panels, tubular and structural shapes.

Quite often, these shapes need further elaboration before being ready for assembly or installation. They may, for instance, have to be curved, coiled or made into rings. Or they may have to be perforated at certain intervals of spacing, notched, embossed, or otherwise finished by additional operations. You may want to combine two or more materials into a finished shape, such as carbon steel with stainless, felt, wood, etc.

These and many other things can be done with Yoder machines at little or no extra cost over and above normal conversion costs, simply by providing special attachments, or auxiliary units installed in line with the forming mill.

The Yoder Book on Cold Roll Forming is a complete text, profusely illustrated, on the art and its scope, the machines, their tooling and application to a multiplicity of mass production needs. A copy is yours for the asking.

THE YODER COMPANY

5534 Walworth Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio



have made remarkable progress since 1950 by putting everyone to work and using women in backbreaking men's jobs.

One of the better export industries that have risen from the ruins is the mammoth Carl Zeiss optical works at Jena. Forty percent bombed out during the war and dismantled by the Russians, it was rebuilt by the Germans, now makes cameras, binoculars and scientific instruments on a par with the West's. Machines approaching Western standards and below Western prices are coming from the more efficient nationalized factories, among them Magdeburg's Ernst Thälmann Heavy Machine Works, which the East Germans pieced together with infinite patience from scavenged old machinery and parts imported and smuggled from the West. In electronics, former subsidiaries of large West German corporations, notably Siemens and AEG, have caught up by copying West German products. Some even improve on Western designs.

Sick Call & Slowdowns. Not all the humming new factories do so well. East Germany's Communist Party Chief Walter Uhlbricht complains that 70% of East Germany's machine and machine-tool output is not up to world standards, and productivity is low. East Germany's own statistics admit that workers spend 30% of their 48-hour week away from the job, attending party functions or "spontaneous" rallies where Communist functionaries often petition for extra shifts at no extra pay. Furthermore, almost 7% of East Germany's man-hours trickle away in sick call (v. 3% in West Germany), largely because workers prefer to get sickness compensation rather than wait out plant slowdowns and receive the lower scale of layoff pay.

East Germany's breakneck industrialization has brought other bureaucratic bumbblings. This is notably true in the infant shipbuilding industry, which operated in the red until 1955 because parts often were promised for delivery after the planned completion of the ship, and supplying industries were built up far from ports. East Germany has launched one 10,000-ton freighter at Warnemünde, now is producing other freighters at Wismar and Rostock, plus 500-ton fishing luggers and luxury yachts (for Communist brass and export) in shipyards at Stralsund and Wolgast on the blue Baltic. But East Germany's marine diesel engines are of pre-war design, far too heavy and bulky to compete with the West's. Radio equipment is antiquated, automatic welding in its infancy, the use of plastics just beginning.

Consumer Pinch & Cars. For all the progress, East Germany is the only satellite where food is still rationed. By most economic standards, East Germany is being far outdistanced by West Germany. At the end of its first five-year plan in 1955, the Soviet zone (pop. 18 million) fell short of its quota for new housing by completing only 215,000 new dwellings, while West Germany (pop. 50 million) was finishing more than 2,000,000. In



Krippendorff
EAST GERMAN BRICKLAYER
The best goes east.

roughly the same period, real wages went up 50% in the East, 100% in the Bonn Republic. Last week West Germany released a telling statistic. In the impoverished East, autos are still restricted to a sprinkling of doctors, technicians, specially privileged artists and the Communist elite; in West Germany one person in 25 now owns an auto.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

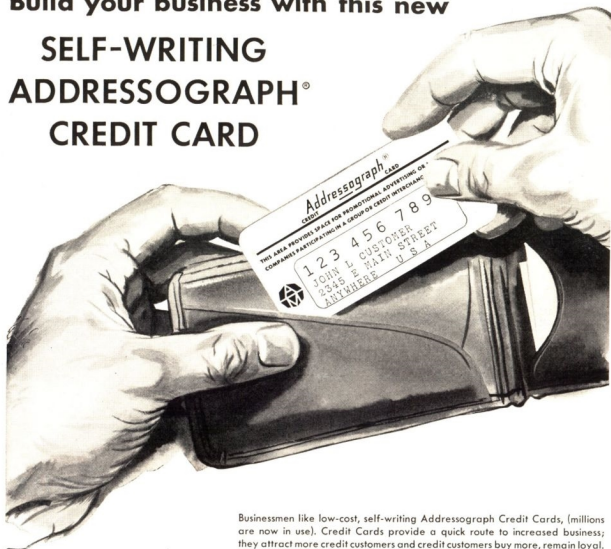
Turbine Helicopter. The first turbine-powered helicopter designed for front-line evacuation of wounded successfully passed hovering tests and is ready for full flight tryouts. Developed by Bell Aircraft Corp., the six-place XH40 will cruise at around 100 knots, carry 1,000 lbs., climb at 1,900 ft. per minute.

"New Horizons." In an effort to speed the flow of foreign tourists to the U.S., Pan American World Airways brought out an encyclopedic guidebook to the 48 states, 80 major cities. Entitled "New Horizons, U.S.A.," the 510-page guide, now on the market in English, will appear in four other languages. Price in the U.S.: \$1.05.

"Roll Your Own" Roofing. Do-it-yourself hobbyists can now put down their own galvanized, corrugated steel roofs. Ceco Steel Products Corp. of Chicago has brought out an easy-to-handle, weather-tight roofing material that rolls on like a rug, has crimped sides for easy nailing and takes 25% less time to install than conventional roofing material.

Fly-In Bank. First National Bank of Arizona opened the U.S.'s first fly-in bank adjacent to the Phoenix Sky Harbor to service cattlemen, miners, farmers and businessmen who arrive in their private planes. Drop-in business has been so good that the bank may expand its eight-man staff at the branch.

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retail sales**

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Cards are available in plastic or aluminum, in all colors or combinations of colors. And, of course, Addressograph Credit Cards are self-writing and 100% accurate. They are often used for strictly identification purposes—employees, for example. Ask your nearby Addressograph-Multigraph office for samples and information. Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio—Simplified Business Methods.*

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The undersigned assisted in negotiating the transaction.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

November 2, 1956.



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CINEMA

Box Office

The ten most popular movies in the U.S. last month, according to the trade sheet *Variety*:

- 1) *War and Peace* (Paramount)
- 2) *Tea and Sympathy* (M-G-M)
- 3) *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (Columbia)
- 4) *The Seven Wonders of the World* (Independent)
- 5) *The Best Things in Life Are Free* (20th Century-Fox)
- 6) *Oklahoma!* (Magna)
- 7) *Attack!* (United Artists)
- 8) *The Bad Seed* (Warner)
- 9) *Toward the Unknown* (Warner)
- 10) *Lust for Life* (M-G-M)

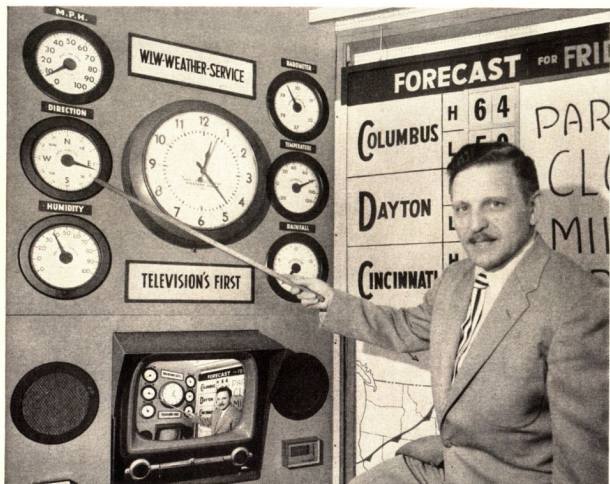
The New Pictures

Death of a Scoundrel (RKO Radio) often looks suspiciously like a take-off on the bawdy life and gaudy death of Serge Rubinstein. The hero is a fellow named Clementi Sabourin (George Sanders), a bouncy Czech who seems to have spent his early years less on the level than under the rose. At any rate, as the camera finds him, Sanders is enthusiastically engaged in selling his own brother to the secret police in return for a passage to America. Arrived in New York, he steals a rich man's wallet from the tramp (Yvonne de Carlo) who stole it first, finds a draft for \$20,000 tucked inside. Forging an indorsement, he takes a plunge in the stock market, clears \$200,000 in a matter of hours, pays for the bad check with a good one. And so he finds himself, almost before the customs stamps have dried on his luggage, well on the way to becoming a millionaire.

"Business," he declaims, "is the art of getting something for nothing," and he promptly starts to play a game of hide-and-SEC with such flimflamboynance that one day he gets the sulks because he has made only \$5,000,000 by closing time. With his filthy lucre, Sanders buys himself a fine Fifth Avenue mansion and decorates it with such costly bric-a-brac as a millionairess (Zsa Zsa Gabor), her secretary (Nancy Gates), the wife of a business rival (Coleen Gray), the widow (Lisa Ferraday) of the brother he had betrayed.

In the end, of course, the villain gets his just deserts, and that ain't razzberries, but for some incomprehensible reason the moviemakers felt called upon to wail at his wake. "He was the most hated man on earth," says Yvonne, in hushed, almost reverent tones. "But he could have been one of the great men in history. He was a genius." Which is rather like praising a man-eating shark for being Best of Breed.

You Can't Run Away from It (Columbia). "Hollywood," the late Fred Allen once snarled, "is responsible for the termite theory of art. Out there they figure they can survive by gnawing on their own backlog." As a matter of fact, about 10%



Jim Fidler, chief meteorologist, Crosley Broadcasting Corp., presenting one of WLW's 17 daily weather reports.

"NATION'S STATION" LETS TV VIEWERS SEE THE WEATHER RECORD ITSELF ON "BENDIX WEATHERMAN" DIALS!

WLW, Cincinnati, was the first television station to install a "Bendix Weatherman" right in the studio so viewers could watch the weather happen on big dials indicating wind speed, wind direction, relative humidity, barometric pressure, temperature and rainfall. The good idea spread, and today many TV stations, banks, department stores and other businesses profitably employ our "Weatherman" in the interest of public service.

"It's more interesting than relayed information," says James C. Fidler, WLW's chief meteorologist, a professional weather forecaster with 25 years'

experience. "Our weather-report shows get more fan mail than any other TV or radio program we present. We selected Bendix equipment because, from my experience with it while connected with the U. S. Weather Bureau, I know its accuracy is unsurpassed."

Bendix weather-data instruments are standard with weather bureaus all over the world and are also used by thousands of companies to help solve all kinds of marketing and industrial manufacturing problems affected by the weather. They are made by our Friez Instrument Division, eighty-year pioneer in this business. For complete information about

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*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"Bendix Weatherman" installed in lobby of Victoria Bank and Trust Co., Victoria, Texas.

A thousand products



a million ideas



How modern concrete highways increase your **SECURITY**

The photos above show how the inadequacies of old roads with their sharp, blind turns and killer "S" curves are being eliminated by highway engineers when they design modern roads. The new concrete highway has broad, sweeping curves with long sight distances that can be negotiated safely by all drivers.

Because of concrete's record of long service, low upkeep and proven security for vehicles and drivers it is the logical choice for the new roads that must carry today's and tomorrow's traffic.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete... through scientific research and engineering field work.

of current big-studio production, according to one educated guess, are new versions of old successes. The fashion in these remakes is to slap on plenty of Technicolor, sign up a couple of famous players, hire a band to play good and loud—and call it all "A Great New Musical."

You Can't Run Away from It, a revival of Frank Capra's 1934 Oscar-winning *Happened One Night*, has withstood the ravages of time better than most. In its first release, the Samuel Hopkins Adams story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a jobless reporter (Clark Gable) who follows her movements with somewhat more than professional attention, was a sensation—and not only at the box office. It set a style of furiously farcical social satire that, during the rest of



JUNE ALLYSON & JACK LEMMON
A second honeymoon is not like the first.

the decade, relieved the general depression with some of the wackiest, wittiest comedies (*Nothing Sacred*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*) that Hollywood has ever made.

The new version has lost the social point of the old, along with other things. Dick Powell is at the megaphone, rather than Capra, and he uses the instrument less as a director should than as he did when he was a baby-faced crooner—to make things loud and corny. Further, the script has been thumbsily rewritten by Claude Binyon, and many of the sly little scenes have been converted into thwacking big musical numbers, set to some remarkably unmusical music. Both of the big names have been replaced by other big names (June Allyson and Jack Lemmon), and the new people give it all they've got. But somehow the second night in that tourist cabin, like the start of a second honeymoon, is not quite the same as the first—especially when those well-known "walls of Jericho" go tumbling down.

The fact that, despite these drawbacks,



7 TIMES THE SIZE IN 10 YEARS

SINCE Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation started aluminum operations ten years ago, it has grown more than seven times in size—from about 59,000 tons of primary aluminum in 1947 to over 427,000 tons in 1956.

This growth is typical of what has occurred in all phases of our operations during this past decade. For example . . .

Employees have increased from about 3,800 to more than 17,000.

Production facilities have increased from three plants to twenty-one now in operation—and two more which

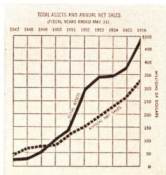
are now under construction.

Net sales have increased from about \$45 million to more than \$330 million.

Total assets have increased from about \$27 million to \$489 million.

As we enter our second decade, we are going forward with another major expansion to bring even greater service to the thousands of aluminum users who have helped make our success possible. When the first stage of this expansion is completed this year, Kaiser Aluminum will be producing four times as much aluminum as the entire nation did before World War II.

If you would like to review the details of our steady growth, we'll be glad to send you a copy of our annual report, Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, California.



Kaiser Aluminum

the bright star of metals

See "THE KAISER ALUMINUM HOUR." Alternate Tuesdays, NBC Network. Consult your local TV listing.

GENTLEMEN—WE'VE GOT A WHISKY SECRET



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Embassy Club

AMERICA'S MOST
GENTLE-TASTING WHISKY

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You Can't Run Away From It is a slightly better-than-average movie is a striking tribute to the lasting human interest of the basic situation: boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. It is a situation that most moviegoers have long been conditioned to accept, but in the case of this picture, those who remember the original will be wise to resist the conclusion expressed in the new title.

Julie (M-G-M) is a regular little pell-meller from the opening scene, in which a jealous husband (Louis Jourdan) quarrels with his wife (Doris Day) while she is driving a car, jams his foot on the throttle, and for the next two minutes gives the moviegoer practically all the sensations of being a member of an avalanche. After that, it somehow occurs to Julie that the man she is married to may not be entirely right in the head.

One night in bed she asks him about his jealousy, discovers that he murdered her previous husband, always thought to have been a suicide, because he could not stand the thought of any other man being near her. Fadeout, with the camera on the killer's gleaming eyes, and a long, dark night ahead.

Next morning Julie runs to the police, who tell her there is absolutely nothing they can do—no evidence. They advise her to stay out of town, keep out of his way. She flees secretly to San Francisco, puts up at a big, crowded hotel under an assumed name. The phone rings. "Julie," her husband coos, "you are going to die." And so on.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Viteloni. One of the best of the Italian movies—a biting but not bitter satire of small-town life, by Federico Fellini, who directed *La Strada* (TIME, Nov. 5).

Woe Gordie. The stiffest comic punch the British have delivered since *High and Dry*—an intoxicating mixture of Scotch and wry; with Bill Travers, Alastair Sim (TIME, Oct. 29).

Giant. In a big (3 hr. 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's bestseller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowls of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

Yang Kwei Fei. A Japanese interpretation of an old Chinese legend, as slow but sometimes as beautiful as a pipe dream (TIME, Oct. 1).

Lust for Life. Perhaps the finest film biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh) ever made in Hollywood; almost a hundred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown in full, fulminating color on the screen; with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some outstandingly good battle pieces; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands and corrals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).



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New dwelling units costing
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500 Watt—Fan cooled—for 2 x 2 slides in any mount

Touch Bar control does it all electrically. Just sit back and relax. Use remote control from across the room or set the automatic timer to run itself. So automatic that room light turns off when projector turns on!

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\$119.50
INCL. CASE
& TRAYS



The Cream *Always* Comes To The Top

FOR MANY YEARS railroad spokesmen have vigorously contended that trucks "skim off the cream" of traffic. Just recently a widely distributed publication of a major rail line said: "Highway carriers skim off the cream. The fact that the average ton-mile revenue of highway carriers is approximately four times that of the railroads indicates the extent to which these carriers seek the higher rate type of traffic between important terminal points."

Does it?

Or does it, rather, indicate that the inherent qualities of truck transport—door-to-door delivery, dispatch, and lower loss and damage, among others—make truck service ideal for certain kinds of traffic which is basically high-rated?

Take less-carload business, for example. It carries the highest rates. Railroads are not geared to handle it physically, and historically they have lost money attempting to compete for this business—total annual

losses running into millions of dollars out of pocket many years. Trucks physically are best able to handle this kind of traffic. Maybe you could call this "cream" for trucks but it is sour milk for railroads.

Or take coal, or any one of a dozen low-rated commodities. Railroads, again for inherent reasons, can haul this traffic and do very well indeed on the profit side. For them it would be "cream." Trucks, except in special situations, aren't as closely tailored to this kind of hauling as are the rails, and such traffic would not be "cream" for trucks.

Whether traffic is "cream" or not "cream" depends upon the shipper's needs and the carrier's ability to meet them efficiently and economically, not whether it is high-rate or low-rate traffic.

Moreover, each carrier's "cream" tends to rise to the top—carriers generally get that business which they can do the best job of handling.



AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, INC., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

If You've Got It . . . A Truck Brought It!

BOOKS

Home for Dead Cats

THE MUSES ARE HEARD (182 pp.)—*Truman Capote—Random House (\$3).*

The five-verse shelf of books on Russia—hortatory, minatory or merely muddled, whether by Webb-footed economists, panting pilgrims, puffing pundits or Red-eyed viragoes—must surely comprise some of the most glum and gullible guff in the history of letters. A rare creature, exotic as a hummingbird in the tundras, has just been sighted in this dreary literary region. Truman Capote, previously noted for his

had been given by American history a faculty for looking at social institutions with a wary eye. The Russians were represented by 1984 men, whom history had given nothing but a theory of history. Jive and Marxism simply do not dig each other. It is Capote's achievement that the pseudo-sophistication of jive comes through as a kind of innocence, while the smug smog of Marxism is shown for what it is—a grey disease of the mind.

The non-digging between hosts and visitors began at East Berlin Station, where the Russian train officer asked a Negro actor if he was German. "I'd make a

like a flock of gaudy parakeets uncaged into a grey wilderness. Earl Bruce Jackson (who plays Sportin' Life in the opera) had holes cut in his gloves so that all could see his rings, and he waved regally. He also kept brooding about the brown tails, with champagne satin lapels, that he hoped to wear for his planned Moscow wedding (to a cast member) and thus get into Leonard Lyons' column.

History Fenced In. Such gaily innocent concerns appear in grim contrast to the Russian backdrop. There are pitiable and grotesque vignettes of life in the home of the revolution—a man brutally beaten beside a cathedral and left helpless and ignored in the snow, female bouncers in a beer cellar, rapacious black-marketeers.

In the end, despite their professional sophistication, the *Porgy* people were impressed by the cultural hullabaloo stirred up by their visit. "Yep," said one, "we got history fenced in."

Capote's record will be a delight to all who like to see highly political objects fly through the air at the whim of an expert in verbal judo. Once described by a friend—famed Photographer Cecil Beaton—as a "pocket Hercules," Capote has performed a notable labor.

The Road to Hell

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD (598 pp.)—*Nicholas Monsarrat—Sloane (\$4.95).*

There are things more cruel than the sea, British Novelist Nicholas Monsarrat has decided. Having established his rank as a topnotch fiction craftsman in *The Cruel Sea* (1951), Monsarrat has now made a troubled but effective literary landfall. His second big novel tells of a bloody skirmish in a sector of the no man's land that stretches between white and black along the length of Africa.

The setting is the fictional island of Pharamaul, a British protectorate, which recalls Azania, the island invented by Novelist Evelyn Waugh as a basis for his superb and little-remembered tragic farce about Abyssinia, *Black Mischief*. It also evokes headline-real Bechuanaland, which recently welcomed back chastened Chief Seretse Khama after his six-year exile in London, imposed when Seretse married a white London typist. And finally, it resembles Kenya and its Mau Mau.

New Deal. The Mautas who inhabit Monsarrat's island are a grave, long-winded, humorless people, including urbanized zoo-suiters down at the port and taboo-ridden jungle men up north. The older Mautas are courteous and profoundly conservative—content with the hope that their chief will one day lead them to a seat in the commodious kraal of the British Commonwealth. The chief is 22-year-old Dinamula; seven years of English schools, an Oxford law degree and the flattering attention of progressive girls in



Edward Clark—LIFE

PORGY TROUPE IN RUSSIA
Jive and Marxism just do not dig each other.

ability in tatting webs of lacy sensibility, has written a wise and witty report on Russia.

When the touring all-Negro *Porgy and Bess* company went behind the Iron Curtain last year (TIME, Jan. 9), footloose Author Capote (novels, stories, plays, movies) decided to try his hand at something new, tagged along with the troupe. The reasons why the Soviet Ministry of Culture gave permission for the *Porgy* tour are obscure, but Capote's own shrewd guess is that the opera's message about people being happy though they have "plenty of nothin'" conforms to the Kremlin notion of the American Negroes as "poverty-pinched and segregated in the ghetto of Catfish Row." With the keen ear of a private eye for the giveaway phrase, Author Capote recorded the adventures of the *Porgy* company from the time they entrained in East Berlin to the premiere in Leningrad two nights and a day later. The result is an hilarious tour de farce, a knockabout comedy in which real bones are broken.

Old Squareville. Between black American and Red Russian there was no meeting of minds. The Americans were represented mainly by the *Porgy* players, who

funny-looking German," said the *Porgy* man. But the Russians were unconvinced. "Man," said the actor, "let's settle this misery." But the misery was never settled.

The 94 members of the *Porgy* troupe hoped for caviar and good company. They were provided with yoghurt, raspberry pop and the supervision of goodwill-goons from the Soviet Ministry of Culture. The Russians were strong on culture, and they stopped, as *nye kulturnyi*, a game of tonk (a variation of rummy) that had been going more or less continuously since the company played Buenos Aires. "Old Squareville!" said an embittered American, "Home for dead cats."

Deadead and most pathetic of all cats was an interpreter in the Culture Ministry who sought out Capote as a fellow artist. "I have my own telephone," boasted the artist. "Among your writers, the powerful one is A. J. Cronin. But Sholokov is more powerful, yes?" The scene in which the Russian is afraid—and afraid to admit he is afraid—to accept a few paperback books from a brother artist is a mercilessly cut cameo of intellectual life in Russia.

At the Leningrad station the *Porgy* company filed through a welcoming committee of "giant men and shabby ladies"

* Gill-sized Author Capote—5 ft. 4 in., 122 lbs.,—is an accomplished judo artist, is proud of his ability to outwrestle Screen Tough Guy Humphrey Bogart.



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London have left their mark on him. Vaguely, he hankers for a New Deal in old Pharamaul.

So, too, do the island's British rulers—industrious, underpaid civil servants dedicated to improving drains and discouraging murder, magic and overgrazing. There is mutual ignorance, as is shown by the case of a resident commissioner who does



NOVELIST MONSARRAT
More cruel than the sea.

not catch on to the fact that his devoted servant has been selling the white man's bath water as a fertility charm. But there is also mutual understanding, and a sort of respect between the races.

Shuffle to Savagery. Tragedy begins trivially. A bombinating Fleet Street bounder—Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Thresh*—has come to report on Pharamaul, and by a familiar "liberal" reversal of traditional loyalties, he sees his own country automatically in the wrong. The truth, as he reports it to his paper, is that gallant young Chief Dinamaula is being frustrated by gin-swilling British officials. As a grand gesture, Reporter Browne provokes Dinamaula into asking for a drink at an all-white hotel. He is refused, and in his humiliation mutters something about his hopes of marrying a white girl. In Pharamaul, that is enough to outrage both white and black. Dinamaula is arrested, and the headless tribe begins to shuffle back to savagery. A terrorist band called the Fish Men takes over, with rape, mutilation, crucifixion and cannibalism.

The British ship in troops and Dinamaula is flown to exile in England. His escort on that melancholy trip is a young British war hero just starting out in the colonial service. As the flight begins, the two young men hate each other, but before they land at London in a blaze of press notoriety, there is something of

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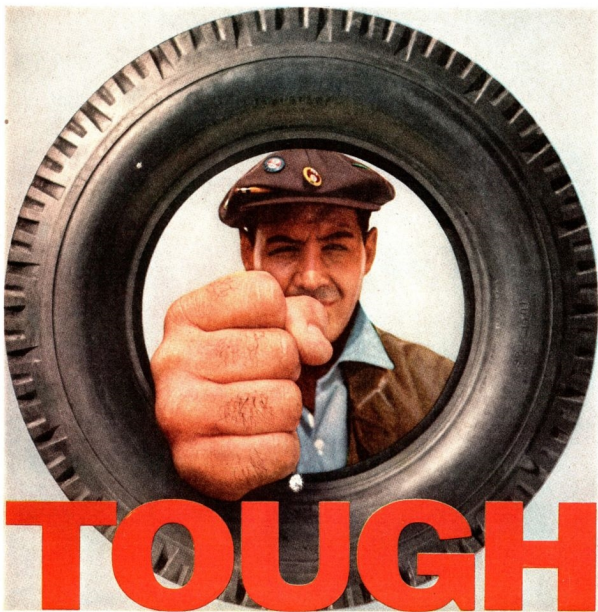
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friendship between the two. The young Briton confides that he is about to be married. "A white girl?" cracks Dinamaula. Both laugh, and in their laughter Author Monsarrat hears hope for the future.

Sinking Fish. The book has many moods, ranging from farce to fury, but its timely main theme is the 20th century's tragicomedy of errors between the West and the colonial peoples—in which the black man's Western education results in anti-Western savagery and the white man's best intentions pave the road to hell in the jungle.

Monsarrat's narrative is as taut as a bush tent in the rainy season. As for his conclusions, he will not please those with spurs to polish or assaigais to grind. Blame, he says, lies on both sides of the color bar. Monsarrat has settled for the honest and general indignation of the philosophical dictum that a man born into the world with a sense of smell has a duty to cry "stinking fish."

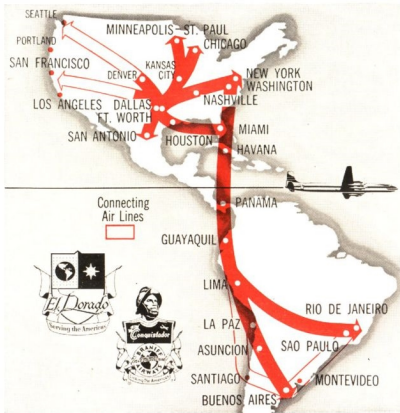
The Test of Great Events

PORK CHOP HILL [315 pp.]—S.L.A. Marshall—Morrow [\$5].

In Korea one evening in April 1953, the light breeze brought from the enemy ridge the faint sound of men chanting in strange and mournful chorus. Outposted on Pork Chop Hill, the handful of Americans and South Koreans listened, then finished their chow of steak and ice cream, and listened again. "What does it mean?" asked Pork Chop's commander, Lieut. Thomas V. Harrold (Easy Company, 31st Infantry). "They're prayer-singing," the interpreter said. "They're getting ready to die." Harrold felt uneasy. "Maybe we ought to be singing too."

Shortly before midnight, two full companies of veteran Chinese Communist infantry slipped across the paddyfields behind a crushing artillery barrage, and struck Pork Chop. Harrold, afraid of seeming overanxious, delayed calling for help; by the time both his men and his superiors were fully alerted, the Chinese had overrun half his battered outpost. The question shot up the chain of command to casualty-conscious headquarters in Tokyo: Did the U.S. want to pay the price for holding Pork Chop, a barren hump of Korean ground only 150 yards across?

The Question. To hold the hill meant shielding the Eighth Army's thin defense line. The brass decided that Pork Chop was worth the price. For three days and two nights, a succession of rifle companies of the U.S. 7th Division slogged into the meat-grinder to counter waves of Chinese reinforcements. Battling for Pork Chop's shattered trenches and bunkers, some 900 Americans and South Koreans were killed or wounded, along with 3,000 Chinese. In 48 hours some 85,000 U.S. artillery rounds, plus uncounted enemy shells, blasted Pork Chop's eroded slopes—a display of firepower equal in intensity to any bombardment in either World War. Through one of the Korean conflict's fiercest infights, American soldiers held their ground in final, weary



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triumph—while U.N. war correspondents awaited peace at Panmunjom, only 70 miles to the west.

Watching the night flares burst above the fighting was one veteran observer of battle who had seen The Peculiar War from the start. In *Pork Chop Hill*, Detroit *Newsman* S.L.A. (for Samuel Lyman Atwood) Marshall, 56, again proves his talent for dramatizing the down-to-mud reality of the average American's experience in combat. His newest book puts the microscope to a phase of combat little known to the U.S. public; the painful, drawn-out stalemate (1952-53) that anticlimaxed the Korean war. "One fundamental question," says Marshall in his preface, "in Korea, 1953, and now, is how the American character continues to meet the test of great events."

The U.S. fighting man in Korea, says Marshall, faced some formidable, unsung handicaps, thanks to the enemy's growing battle ability and the limitations imposed by the Truman Administration. The stalemate "was a bonanza for Communist China. On that training ground, her armies became as skilled as any in the world in the techniques of hitting, evading and surviving."

Deadly Shadow Boxing. By contrast, says Marshall, the speedy U.S. rotation policy and a go-slow attitude back home left the Eighth Army barely enough men to man its single trench line. "Its people were at least 50% deficient in fighting experience . . . The Eighth Army was a mobile army, but for lack of manpower, it was compelled to use the implements of mobility simply to sit and survive . . . The fighting which resulted seemed like a deadly form of shadow boxing." Marshall gives a harrowing example: eight 7th Division newcomers went out on patrol one warm night, expecting "no sweat"; all eight were later found dead in a circle, shot in ambush by a foe so close that some victims bore powder burns. Says Marshall: "You can't beat Davy Crockett with a Boy Scout." But many of the "Boy Scouts" fought the foe to a draw:

☐ Long rated by his platoon as a "prize eight ball," Machine Gunner John Wolzeak spotted a Chinese sneak attack, made "the astonishing discovery that he was a born infantry fighter," and, together with a buddy, excitedly checked the enemy.

☐ On Dale outpost, a badly wounded lieutenant led an uphill counterattack and night-long defense, next morning could still jolly his men with a grin and a quip: "I already have one Purple Heart. Now they'll have to give me a dozen."

☐ Two infantrymen, both named Smith, were cut off from their outfit, spent the night with a wounded comrade playing possum on a shell-sept hillside while Chinese attackers swarmed over and past them. When dawn came, the two Smiths calmly brought in the wounded man, went back to the fight.

The Soldier-Reporter. To get at the Smiths' kind of war, "Slam" Marshall pioneered a method of exhaustive post-battle interviews. Young Slam joined the



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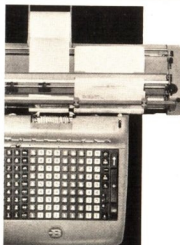
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Army in World War I at 16, two years later won a battlefield commission in France to become the A.E.F.'s youngest second lieutenant. Later he turned to newspapering ("I needed hot cakes"), wound up covering the Spanish civil war for the *Detroit News*. In World War II, as a major in the Army historical section, he went to the Pacific to cover the invasion of Makin Island in 1943. At first he used the conventional approach: copying high-level records, talking to the brass, touring the front. He learned little. Even on the battlefield, fable was rapidly substituted for fact.

Then one morning after a savage Japanese night attack, Marshall came across



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two U.S. survivors arguing over what had happened. To find out who was right, Marshall called in the rest of the outfit and cross-examined each man. To his astonishment, he discovered "that every fact of the fight was procurable—that the fact lay dormant in the men's minds, waiting to be developed."

As chief historian for the European Theater of Operations under Eisenhower, Marshall led scores of other Army historians in seeking the soldiers' story, often under fire. Early in the Korean war he took leave of the *Detroit News*, to analyze the new enemy's unfamiliar techniques. Out of this experience came Marshall's best book, *The River and the Gauntlet* (TIME, June 1, 1953), an epic description of the Eighth Army's 1950 defeat by the invading Chinese Communist masses.

Pork Chop Hill is no epic; the drama it unfolds is played on too modest a stage. But the book again puts Marshall's fundamental question about the American



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soldier's mettle, and answers it with vigor and admiration. Through stalemate and stagnation, the American spirit shone bright. "In the crucible," reports Marshall, "the metal still looked like gold."

Mixed Fiction

SEIZE THE DAY, by **Saul Bellow** (211 pp.; Viking; \$3), is a collection of four stories and a one-act play by the author of the 1953 bestseller *The Adventures of Augie March*. In his latest adventures, Author Bellow suggests that money is not only the root of all evil but also of all plot. "Money," muses one character who doesn't have any, "surrounds you in life as the earth does in death." Tommy Wilhelm, the fortyish hero of the title story, has a mind as empty as his pocket. Unemployed, dunned by his estranged wife, rebuffed by his wealthy father, he has hypnotically turned over his last \$700 to Dr. Tamkin, a swindler so transparent that even Tommy sees through him. When the money vanishes Tommy reverts to childhood, finds release by sobbing hysterically at a stranger's funeral.

In *Looking for Mr. Green*, a welfare investigator ranges endlessly through a Chicago slum trying to give a relief check to a crippled Negro. In *The Gonzaga Manuscripts*, a dilettante fruitlessly combs Spain trying to buy the lost manuscripts of a dead poet. The stories suffer particularly from the fact that the leading characters are usually the dullest people in them. The reader of *Seize the Day* could do with less of regressive Tommy Wilhelm and more about rascally Dr. Tamkin, whose compelling eye and incessant tongue carry the story bracingly forward whenever he is onstage.

THE **DOVES OF VENUS**, by **Olivia Manning** (313 pp.; Abelard-Schuman; \$3.50), pull the chariot of the goddess of love, according to classic mythology. The doves of British Author Manning's novel are yoked to illusions about love. Dove No. 1 is a breathless 18-year-old country girl named Ellie Parsons whose ideal of love is losing her virginity to Quintin Bellot, a middle-aging charmer-about-London. Dove No. 2 is married to Dove No. 1's Prince Charming, but Petta Bellot has always operated on the theory that variety is the spice of love. Since Quintin believes that "we are all victims, one of another," both girls have a rather unhappy time of it. Quintin decamps, and Ellie carries a torch, but Petta promptly produces a hack writer as a consolation prize—a has-been as a man of letters but a still-is as a lover.

These goings-on carry the girls to the untimely hell of arty cocktail parties and the drawing-room purgatories of upper-caste Britons living beyond their unearned incomes. The book's brittle, so-weary-of-it-all lament, which only a Bea Lillie could salvage, too often turns the gift of champagne sparkle into ginger-beer fizz. But Author Manning has an unerring wit that probably comes unforced to a contributor to *Punch*, and she sees to it, at novel's end, that each of the doves has been properly plucked.

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transfer switches, dual motor switch constructions, etc. Authorized Cutler-Hammer Distributors and better electrical supply stores everywhere stock both single pole and two pole types. For full information on this line write for Pub. EE-78, Cutler-Hammer, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



Open type 9101 with plate for flush mtg. in ordinary wall box.



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MOTHER'S




The fast-acting
aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children







THE WORLD OVER

There are people for whom a necktie  is the perfect Christmas gift. And there are always those who enjoy a good book .




Some people will settle for sports cars .

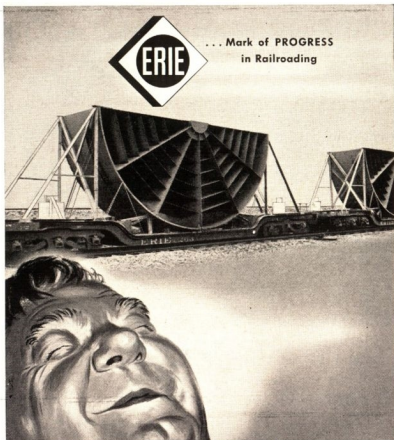
While others like furs  And you can usually fob off some with a diamond  or two .

But some people present a challenging  and subtle  shopping opportunity at Christmas. And it is these people for whom the gift of TIME  was especially invented. Who are

they? Oh, busy executives  and educators on your list ... your favorite hostess  your lawyer  A niece or nephew at college  will surely like TIME.

So will "your sisters and your cousins and your aunts."

And nothing could be easier than your TIME  Christmas shopping. Use the postage-paid order form  bound into this issue to airmail  your instructions. Each gift will be announced at Christmas with a special card hand-signed as you instruct. And you won't be billed till after New Year's (at TIME's special Christmas Gift Rates).



How we turned a shipper's nightmare into a pleasant dream

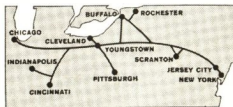
Those objects in our friend's subconscious form a 55-ton rotor in a rotary air preheater. This giant mechanism will be an integral part of a boiler producing two-million pounds of steam per hour for the generation of electricity.

How to get it to its destination *could* become a shipper's nightmare. Each section is nine feet, eight inches wide—seventeen feet, eight inches from the top of the rails. And note—each is round on the bottom.

We repeat, it *could* become a nightmare—if it wasn't for the Erie.

Erie takes these oversize shipments in its stride—is famous for its extra-high, extra-wide roadbed—super strong bridges. What's more, Erie personnel are fully experienced in transporting these oversize loads. Know how to handle them, get them to their destination—promptly—safely—dependably.

The men of Erie are proud of their reputation for dependable service. Whether it's a problem of transporting a 55-ton rotor or a less-than-carload shipment—you can "Route it Erie" in complete confidence.



DEPENDABLE SERVICE FOR THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

Erie Railroad

MISCELLANY

Bulletin. In Wichita, Kans., after twelve months of only scattered rains, drought-conscious U.S. Weather Bureau Meteorologist Fred Wells looked out the window, teletyped: "NOW HEAR THIS NOW HEAR THIS NOW HEAR THIS RAIN HAS JUST STARTED AT THE AIRPORT. GOODY GOODY GOODY."

So Help Me . . . In Hartford, Conn., after Complainant Mrs. Lulu Cowles rattled off 30 minutes of rapid-fire testimony during her damage suit against a bus company, despite warnings from the bench and cautioning gestures, pleas for brevity from her own attorney, exasperated Judge John R. Thim called a recess, heard the flood flow again when court resumed, declared a mistrial.

Molar Opposites. In San Diego, Mrs. Marjorie Lee McClurken, suing for divorce, testified that because her husband refused to pay for professionally-made choppers, she was forced to buy an instruction book, make her own false teeth.

Ceiling Vice. In Milwaukee, planning a burglary after closing time, Lindy Cleveland squirmed into a 2½-ft.-high space between the false ceiling of Anthony's 600 Bar and the floor above, showered harities with pieces of ceiling, got himself arrested for disorderly conduct after he got lost in the dark, panicked, stuck his hindquarters through the ceiling in six places.

Long Month's Journey. In Pasadena, Calif., after 24 club members, 100 police officers and 250 boy car club members searched for a month, failed to find any qualifiers, the Sertoma Club called off this year's contest to pick the city's most courteous driver.

I Did But See . . . In St. Louis, after he used a brace and bit to drill holes in 24 doors in three apartment houses, Joseph Bommarito was given three suspended 60-day workhouse sentences despite his explanation: "I was driving along and I saw a beautiful girl. I just had to see her again."

The Power Elite. In Hartford, Conn., the State Labor Commissioner Renato Ricciuti ruled that Motel Owner Alex Crawford must pay his night clerk the state minimum wage of 75¢ an hour, in spite of Crawford's explanation that the clerk, who works a 93-hour week for 54¢ an hour, is an executive.

In Vino. In Manhattan, after a prosecution expert argued that the two defendants could not each have downed the equivalent of two fifths of whisky in 18 hours and remained conscious, 260-lb. Defense Lawyer Edward Bobick boozed through two fifths of Scotch in 15 hr. 53 min., stood unassisted in court less than an hour later, solemnly introduced the empties as evidence.

You say it
so well with the

I.W. HARPER

Centerpiece

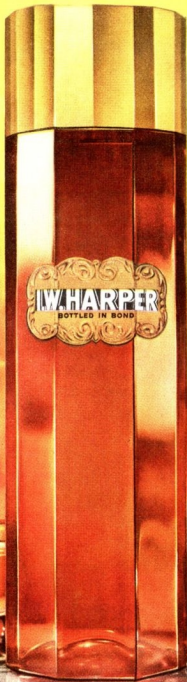
DECANTER COCKTAIL SHAKER

Make your gift the center of attraction this year... make it I. W. Harper Bonded Bourbon in the Centerpiece Decanter and Cocktail Shaker. There's no extra cost!



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a pleasure!*

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The "Traveller"

This handsome protective carrying case—with small size bottle of I. W. Harper Bonded Bourbon—fits any pocket, packs neatly in luggage. No extra cost!

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